

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## NOT TOO OLD FOR THE POLE

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Seven

### OLD JONATHAN A QUIANT FIGURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Son of One of Africa's Greatest  
Men Passes Away

#### MOSHESH OF THE BASUTOS

Jonathan, the old Basuto chief who had played a great part in the history of one of the most remarkable corners of the British Empire, has died. He was nearly ninety.

Jonathan's father was the famous Moshesh, who secured a kind of independence for his lofty mountain lands under what he called "the large folds of the flag of England."

#### A Clever Native Ruler

When Moshesh died in 1870, admittedly one of the cleverest rulers of men the continent of Africa had ever produced, he had brought into existence the Basuto nation, with a unity that has remained unshaken. Each of its many tribes was left to be ruled by one of his descendants, and the tribes are so ruled to this day, one of the descendants acting as the Paramount Chief. Chief Jonathan was the last of the sons of Moshesh, and as such was revered by all Basutos, though he had never been the Paramount Chief. He was a venerable descendant of the old days of strife and battle, but his rule was restricted to his tribal district.

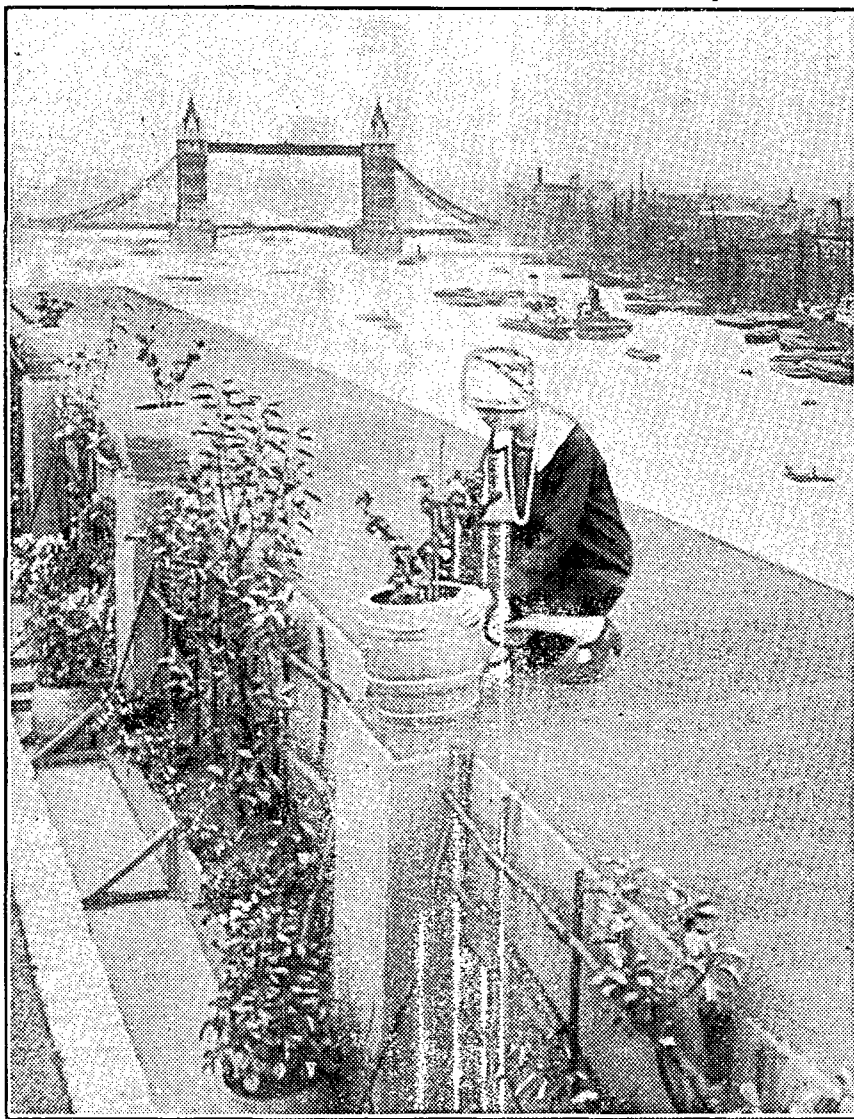
Basutoland is the topmost part of the South African interior between the Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, and Natal—a mountain mass half as large again as Wales, reaching an average height of 6000 feet, with peaks of 10,000 feet and fertile valleys between the hills. Some of the hills are excessively rugged. During the appalling wars between the South African tribes, before the white man's reign of peace abolished warlike weapons among the natives, these Drakensberg and Maluti Mountains, remote and inaccessible, were refuges for defeated fugitives. Always there was danger that the savage hordes of pursuers would come there too.

#### A Happy and Prosperous People

Then arose Moshesh, a mighty warrior and hunter, belonging to a small tribe, but a man of genius. Moshesh saw how well suited these mountains were for defence, particularly one of them, Thaba Bosigo; and, rallying the Basuto tribes and the fugitives from other regions, he so repulsed the Zulus and other marauders that they were glad to leave the mountain fastnesses alone. He even resisted the British and the Boers when they attacked his strongholds after the Basutos had raided their cattle on the lower grounds around, and he became Paramount Chief of all the Basuto tribes.

But Moshesh was wise and far-seeing, as well as brave in war. He realised that the white men must prevail, and of his own will he placed himself under the British flag. The result to this day

### London's Highest Roof Garden



There is a beautiful garden on the roof of Adelaide House at London Bridge which commands a wonderful view of the Thames and of the Tower Bridge, as this picture shows. It is the highest roof garden in London.

is that Basutoland is a British Crown Colony, with a British Commissioner living at its little capital Maseru; but the tribes are still ruled according to their own customs, by their own chiefs, and the people of Basutoland are happy, prosperous, and free, half a million of them, with abundance of food—wheat and mealies growing in their valleys; cattle, sheep, and ponies on their hills.

They have been wise enough to value education. They have more than 500 native schools, attended by about 45,000 Basuto scholars, who learn English as well as Dutch and their own language, which they call Sesuto.

This happy state of a little African mountain land is due largely to the bravery and wisdom of Moshesh, who died 58 years ago; and we can understand why, when some years ago the Prince of Wales was in Basutoland, the people were delighted that he should see among them this good Chief Jonathan, the only remaining son of Moshesh, the founder of their nation.

Jonathan belongs to the past. But he had reason for pride in his family and his race.

Pictures on page 2

### FOUR YOUNG MEN GROWING OLD

#### A Remarkable Partnership

A partnership very remarkable for its endurance was mentioned briefly in the C.N. the other day.

It has now been celebrated.

Sixty-one years ago four young men in the Manchester manufacturing area formed a partnership in business. They are partners at the present time, and the aggregate of their years is 345, an average of over 86.

If two men had continued in a business partnership for 61 years it would have been unusual. If three had done so their length of life would be remarkable. But that four should be alive and still taking an interest in their joint affairs must be almost unparalleled.

Of course the chief burden of the present-day work is borne by younger men of the blood, but the founders of the firm, Walker, Linney, and the Ashworths, are still in it. One wonders if there is any similar instance of sustained business unity.

### HEROES PASSING BY THE CYCLIST AND HIS DOG

A Little Goodwill All in the  
Day's Work

#### HOW TO ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY

On the banks of the Rhine an English cyclist was pedalling slowly so that he could take in all the lovely view and not go too fast for his Irish terrier, which was trotting behind him with its tongue out—and probably, unlike its master, thinking nothing of the scenery.

The cyclist looked up at the hills, with their vineyards and trees and the castles on top; he heard the chug-chug of a passenger steamer coming up from Cologne; he smiled a little to see a German family of three, mother and father and child, sitting not too easily in a canoe. What a jolly holiday he was having! And how everybody was enjoying the sunny day!

#### Pleasure Gives Way to Peril

But as the steamer passed, sounds of merriment and song floating to him across the water, he realised that for some the enjoyment of the day was completely gone. The steamer set up a big wash. It caught the clumsily-managed canoe in its wave, and almost in an instant, so it seemed, the frail craft was upset and its occupants were suddenly thrown in the water and in imminent peril of their lives, for the great river is both swift and deep.

For a moment the Englishman felt inclined to laugh—it looked so funny. But it was only for a moment, because he realised that the unlucky Germans could not swim. He hesitated not a moment longer but, jumping at once from his bicycle, and shouting to his dog "Come on, Bob!" in he went, the dog after him.

#### A Plucky Rescue

The cyclist struck out to the man and woman. Luckily they were not far out from the bank, and, shouting instructions to them which they could not understand, clutched both of them one after the other, manoeuvred them to the canoe, and got them with it at last to the bank. Meanwhile, the Irish terrier, in the most businesslike manner, had sunk its teeth into the small child's clothing and swum back to the bank with its burden—all in the day's work for a good dog.

There on the bank the German family stood safe and reunited, and they burst into heartfelt thanks to their preserver. But he could not understand a word they said, and he did not say anything, but just smiled and looked cheerful. Then, all wet as he was, he jumped on his bicycle, whistled to his dog (which shook itself with zest), and off the two went again on their holiday, all the happier for the good deed done.

"What a jolly holiday! thought the dog; always something happening!"



## MICHAEL FARADAY AND HIS DIARY GREAT NEW BOOK FOR THE WORLD

Six Thousand Pages of His  
Ideas and Observations  
A POOR BOY CROWNED  
BY FAME

Michael Faraday, prince of modern scientific observers, father of our electrical industries, the prophet whose inspired vision penetrated the secrets of matter and foretold its radiant nature, awaits an honour which has been too long denied him. Although we reverence his memory we have allowed 61 years to pass without publishing his diaries.

Sir William Bragg, the popular new President of the British Association, a man after Faraday's own heart, as well as his successor at the London Institution, tells us that these diaries run to six thousand pages of manuscript, and record the great man's thoughts about what he was working at, his reflections, all the intimate, self-revealing comments which a man who kept a continuous diary was bound to make. The Royal Institution now proposes to publish these treasures.

### Half the Work of the World

Faraday was unique in the modern annals of science. There is scarcely a branch of electrical industry which cannot be traced back to his magnificent original discoveries. The electric dynamo, for example, which does half the work of the world, providing current for cars, trains, trams, aircraft, ships, telephone, telegraph, wireless, machinery, and so forth, springs directly from his successful experiment in causing a magnetic needle to revolve round an electric current.

He was one of the pioneers in the creation of steel alloys; photography arose from his discovery of the vaporisation of mercury at an even temperature; his researches in chemistry multiplied the riches of our textile industries; his improved glass reinforced our lighthouses and optical instruments.

### A Blacksmith's Son

Yet he was only a poor London blacksmith's son, and partly educated himself by reading the pages he had to bind as a bookbinder's apprentice. By great diligence and his own modest suggestion he got himself appointed assistant to Sir Humphry Davy at the London Institution, where he began his career at 25 shillings a week.

He helped Davy with his experiments and eventually succeeded him. Davy liked and admired him, and when the poor youth had grown to fame would charmingly boast, "My greatest discovery was Michael Faraday."

What did Lady Davy say of him, one wonders. They once let Faraday accompany them on a trip abroad, during which the genius was to act as valet, clerk, and secretary to his master. Shrewish Lady Davy, however, unconscious of the qualities of the sweet-natured young scientist, treated him as a menial, and made him take his meals with the grooms.

### The Bayard of Science

Faraday had an unparalleled reign in the realm of science, and the illustrious Tyndall, who followed him, declared his mantle almost too heavy to be borne. Long afterwards Lord Kelvin, demonstrating before his students, would say: "Faraday's result was so-and-so; mine is just the opposite. But Faraday, with inferior apparatus, divined the truth. Remember his result, not what you have just seen me obtain."

A towering figure in science, creator of incalculable wealth and employment for the world, Faraday was a man of modest and beautiful character, a very Bayard of science.

## A FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON The Wisdom of Obregon of Mexico

### A LAST BIRTHDAY REMEMBRANCE

A correspondent of the C.N. in Mexico has been allowed to see a letter written by President Obregon to his son and heir a few weeks before the father was assassinated.

Humbert Obregon was 21 last June, and his father, who was about to become President of Mexico for the second time, wrote him a long letter, from which we have been allowed to translate these passages. The boy's mother died when he was a little boy.

The first thing men need in order to set a course for their activities in life and to protect themselves against adverse circumstances is to classify themselves.

You belong to that family of helpless people which is made up, with very few



Moshesh and his son Jonathan. See page 1

exceptions, of the sons of persons who have attained more or less high positions.

Those who are born and grow up in the shelter of high positions are condemned by a fatal law to look down on things; they feel that whatever goal they choose as an ideal for their activities must be on a plane inferior to the one they occupy.

On the other hand, those who come from more humble classes, and develop in this environment of maximum modesty, are happily destined to look upward, because the whole panorama which surrounds them is on a higher level than the medium in which they move.

### Mankind's Greatest Enemy

In their constant effort to free themselves from the disadvantageous position in which life's circumstances have placed them, they strengthen their character and purify their mind, and succeed in many cases in getting a training which enables them to follow a course always ascendant.

All fathers generally advise their children to flee from vices. I have always believed that there is only one vice, and that its name is Excess. All men should strive to free themselves from it. I know cases of many persons who make a vice of virtue by overdoing the practice of it.

The superfluous is the greatest enemy of mankind. The world of the superfluous is infinite; it knows no limits, and its demands become greater the more one tries to gratify them.

### Exceptions to the Rule

Of all these evils only those can free themselves who, having a superior spirit, become exceptions to the rule; and if you succeed in becoming one of these exceptions, you must consider yourself as favoured by Destiny, succeeding thus to the honour of yourself and the satisfaction of your father.

These are the wishes of your father, and would be of your mother if Destiny had not deprived her of the infinite happiness a mother must experience when her son attains his majority without having given his parents any cause for shame or pain, as in your case.

## THE WATCH MAN And His Fifty Million Watches

There are in the world fifty million cheap American watches ticking off the seconds, so that it is safe to say that every reader of the C.N. has seen one, and many must own one. The first cheap watch was an Ingersoll.

Mr. Ingersoll, who made the first watch to be sold for a dollar, has just died, and perhaps his story will be forgotten long before some of his fifty million watches stop ticking. But it is worth remembering, for this clever man who helped to tell the world the right time was a farmer's boy who came to New York with only ten dollars.

That would hardly have bought one watch then; but he kept his ten dollars till he could add more to them, and then invented and put on the market a cheap rubber printing stamp. That paid him well, so he went on with the appointed task, for which he had a talent, of inventing little things that everybody will buy. A new pencil, a toy sewing-machine, a toy typewriter were among them—and at last he made the cheap watch that would go, and go well, for a dollar.

This watch went so well that it made his fortune.

## MR. HUGHES AT THE HAGUE

### America and the League

America still holds back from the League, but many of her ablest citizens give it willing service.

An American judge, Mr. J. B. Moore, has just resigned his membership of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, and the League has elected in his place another American, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes. The Council was unanimous and the Assembly cast 41 votes for Mr. Hughes out of 48.

This is a notable appointment. Mr. Hughes resigned a judgeship of the American Supreme Court to oppose President Wilson, and became Foreign Secretary in the Republican Government which succeeded him after America had repudiated the League.

## HITTING A TRAIN

### The Adventure of a Hawk

The driver of an express from Selby to Bridlington noticed that his train struck something with terrific force while travelling at nearly a mile a minute the other day.

Looking out, he discovered a large bird wedged under the handrail of the engine near the chimney.

"Here's a fine dinner," he said to his fireman. "We'll get him when we stop."

Three miles farther on the express rounded a curve while a strong wind was blowing. It blew the bird free from the engine, but instead of dropping to the ground the bird flew away, as if nothing had happened. It was a hawk.

## ROWING ROUND THE ISLAND

The Isle of Wight is 60 miles round, and a schoolboy of Epsom College has rowed all round it. He is Charles Taylor of Sandown, and it is believed that he is the first to row round the isle.

Starting at 5.25 a.m. in a single sculling skiff he finished the circuit at 7.5 p.m., and he had a break of 70 minutes at midday.

Anyone who has gone round the isle in a pleasure steamer, even on a summer day, knows that it is not easy going, and the young oarsman did well to finish his course in twelve hours and a half.

## A FOX IN THE ZOO Little Vixen That Would See the World

### A TRUANT PAYS THE PENALTY

By Our Country Girl

People who have visited the Zoo lately wonder how an ordinary English fox came to live among such distinguished foreigners as Mr. African Lion, Mr. Indian Elephant, and Mrs. Polar Bear. This is the story.

About a year ago a fox family was born in a delightfully cool and sandy burrow. As soon as the fat little cubs reached a sensible age their mother started to give them lessons in the art of self-preservation. She warned them of terrible giants called Men, who rode great creatures called Horses and brought with them wondrously swift things called Hounds.

### Kidnapped by a Giant

If a fox were silly enough to let the giants see or smell him they would chase him all day and tear him to bits at last. That, she explained, was why cubs must never go out in the daytime.

Most of the children believed her, but there was one little vixen who said to herself, "I don't believe there are such things as Men. Mother has made up this tale to frighten us into being good. Now she and Father have both gone out to fetch us something to eat and I don't see why I should not go for one little tiny walk by myself."

"Come back!" squeaked the other cubs. But the little vixen trotted out into the sweet-smelling world, waving her brush with pleasure at playing truant.

And then—the giant appeared. He picked up the fat little cub and carried her off. She must have sobbed to herself, "Now he is going to take me to his castle, and I shall be baked in a pie. Why did I disobey dear Mother?"

But when they reached the giant's home she was stroked and cuddled, and given warm milk to drink, and scraps of raw meat to eat, and a sweet bed of hay to sleep in. Soon the little vixen was as happy as the happiest of pet dogs.

### The New Home

As she grew older, however, her friends grew more and more anxious lest she should stray away into the woods and be caught in a trap or hunted by hounds. A wild thing wants to wander, even if it means to return to its friends again next day. For fear lest some tragedy should befall their pet they decided to give her to the Zoo.

She is safer there than roaming about a house and garden, and she is settling down to life in a cage. She is so friendly and so graceful that she will probably become one of the Zoo's favourites in time, and then she will be famous in spite of being just an ordinary English fox.

But, of course, she would rather lead a free and dangerous life in an English coppice, so the story has a moral after all. Cubs and children who disobey their mothers will certainly be sorry when it is too late!

## THINGS SAID

I love trees. *Signor Mussolini*

I left school when I was thirteen, and look at me. *A local millionaire*

More genius has been stunted in poverty than has emerged from it. *A Harley Street doctor*

Is it not something to be proud of that our broadcasting got into the hands of the right people? *Sir William Bragg*

If we worship much longer at the shrine of the great god noise we shall lose our sanity. *Canon Crisall*

The increase of Canadian acreage in wheat may produce this year 500 million bushels, an unheard-of quantity.

*Mr. J. Bruce Walker*



September 29, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

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## A WILD THING AND ITS SENSES

### SCENT OR SIGHT?

How Does the Squirrel Defend Himself in the Woods?

### EYES, EARS, AND NOSE

By Our Natural Historian

The discussion, already touched upon in the C.N., as to whether animals hunt by scent or sight, has continued with interesting additions as to the habits of the flesh-eaters, but an equally important phase of the case, that of the hunted, has been overlooked. Some of the keenest noses in the world are those which guard the lives of the prey of the carnivores.

It has been established that with a favourable wind a horse in Argentina can scent the puma at a distance of three or four miles; elephants can detect an enemy to windward half across a jungle; wild sheep and goats, with a marvellous sense of the news values of rising currents, post sentinels in the rocky heights to detect the approach of enemies from afar.

### A Sheep and Her Little One

Sheep see well, but they rely so much on scent that a mother sheep whose lamb has died, while she will reject another lamb, accepts the little stranger with perfect contentment if her own lamb is skinned and its fleece tied upon the impostor. Forthwith she mothers the little masquerader. Is the highly-intelligent dog so much wiser? Whatever his keenness of vision may be it is usually by his sense of smell that he identifies master or friend.

What shall we say of the squirrel? In what lies his natural safeguard—eyes, ears, or nose? Many of us remember the story of the squirrels which used to climb Charles Darwin in mistake for a tree as the philosopher stood pondering some problem in the grounds of his house at Downe. But what of the squirrel which mistakes four people for four trees?

### Racing Up a Tree

The four stood chatting by a little lake in a jay-haunted wood when a squirrel advanced to within less than a yard of the nearest, and would have tripped blunderingly on but for the fact that a very un-treelike movement of a hand warned him that something unusual was toward, and made him bound over a low wall and race up a young ash. He reached a slender fork in the tree and tucked his head into it. He could not see the four, and as he pressed closer and closer to the trunk he imagined that they could not see him.

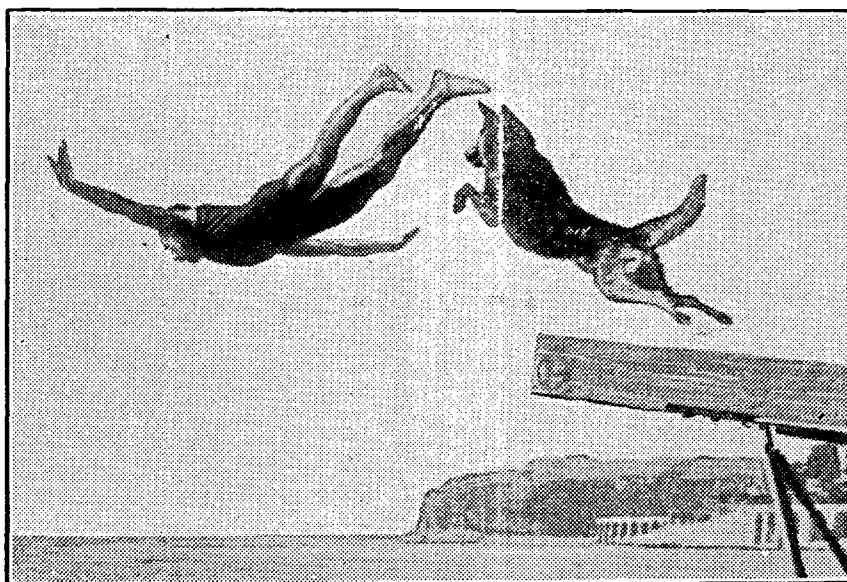
There he rested, not ten feet away, motionless, for several minutes till one of the party walked round and came within his line of vision. Then up he went with the strength, grace, and agility of indiarubber come to life. His progress was marked as he scampered with flying leaps from one treetop to another, the slenderest twig being to him as secure as a Forth Bridge. No gibbon of the tropical forest ever took his departure from human view more expertly, more gracefully, or with higher speed.

### Hide and Seek

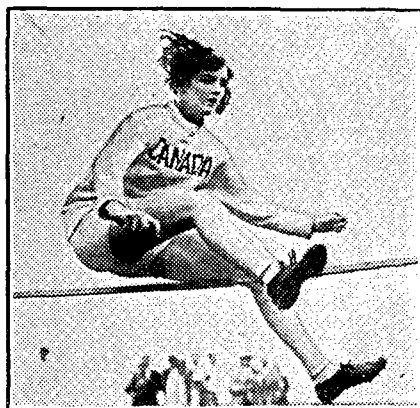
At the top of the wood he reached a gnarled oak forking into two great branches at the top. Up, over, and down he scampered. The danger passed, his curiosity was aroused, and again he ascended to peep through the fork and play a game of hide and seek with the strange, still, two-legged creatures below.

Neither eyes nor nose kept that little fellow out of danger. To what sense, then, do squirrels owe their safety where hungry enemies abound? E. A. B.

## GOING UP AND COMING DOWN



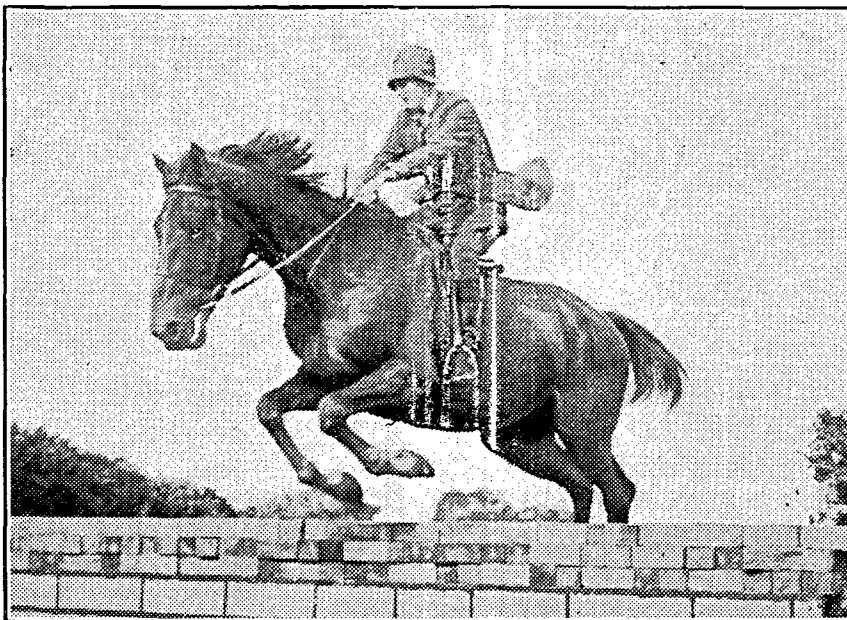
A dog follows his master



A girl makes a high jump



Schoolgirls racing over the hurdles



A horse with a girl rider jumping a wall



Swimmers jumping off Reading Bridge



At the top of a pole vault

Jumping is one of the most natural games in the world for boys and girls to play, for when people are feeling particularly healthy and happy they experience a keen desire to leap in the air. Indeed, the expression "jumping for joy" is quite common. We show in these pictures a few of the ways in which this healthy energy finds an outlet.

## GENEVA PREPARED

### LET KNOWLEDGE GROW FROM MORE TO MORE

The Busy Months in the Capital of Peace

### THE INTERNATIONAL HUM

The League Assembly has been meeting again, and the busy summer season in Geneva is drawing to an end.

Most of us seek the mountains or the sea in the holiday months of July and August, but an increasing number now turn their steps to Geneva for mental refreshment.

It is their one chance, during the year, of learning more about the changing world in which we are living and the new international life growing up therein. Accordingly, from many different countries they come, stay as long as they can, and then go home with a vastly enlarged understanding of international affairs and a clear idea of the work of the League of Nations.

### Lectures and Classes

Geneva hums with activity during the summer months. The University buildings, vacated by the regular students, are used for special courses on the League in French and German, and for illustrated lectures on Geneva. Close by, in the Conservatoire de Musique, three months of lectures and classes in English and French lead to increased knowledge of other peoples and their ways of living and thinking. The civilisations, institutions, and foreign politics of various countries are studied as well as problems of international politics and the work of the League.

At the Students International Union, at the other end of the gardens of the University, there are lectures once or twice a week, given by officials of the League of Nations and followed by vigorous discussion.

### Teachers From Many Lands

In the neighbourhood is the International Bureau of Education at which, during two intensive weeks, teachers from many lands and many types of schools meet together to learn how to make the League known and develop the spirit of international cooperation.

Across the water, in the buildings of the Secretariat, several hundred British and American people spend part of their summer holiday listening to three or four lectures a day which give them clearer ideas of the way in which the world is moving and the relations between nations.

### A Centre of Study

All this preparation of mind and thought, whether concentrated in Geneva or spread abroad by the return home of those who have spent a brief time there, is invaluable as a preparation for the Assembly. A wider understanding of its purpose, a firmer faith in its possibilities, grows out of this greater knowledge.

Around this centre of study is a fringe of congresses and conferences which add their contribution, and this year one in particular is of special interest. Many people have for a long time been thinking that the efforts toward peace and goodwill can only be effective when religion plays a greater part in them, and they propose that a world-wide meeting should be called in which all religions should be represented. A conference at Geneva this month is to prepare for this meeting.



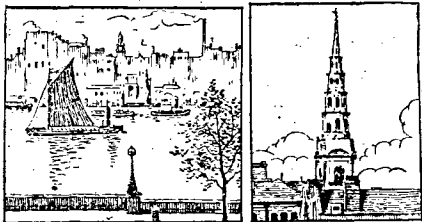
## JOHN CARPENTER GUARDIAN SPIRIT OF THE C.N.

Our New Home by the Banks  
of the Thames

### DICK WHITTINGTON'S FRIEND

Another memorial has been added to those with which London commemorates her governors, her benefactors, her citizens, her famous freemen. It stands in the open hallway of the Children's Newspaper at John Carpenter House in John Carpenter Street. It is of John Carpenter.

For the C.N. has now left Fleetway House, where it was born about ten years ago, and is at home in sight of the Thames. From his window, hanging high above John Carpenter Street, the Editor sees the river close by and the



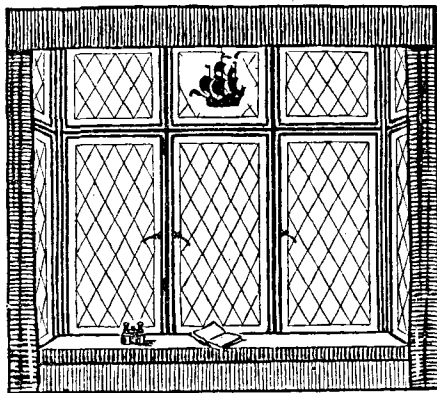
The shining Thames and the Fleet Street steeple seen from the Editor's window

Crystal Palace miles away, and from the roof is seen the mighty range of London's towers.

The new memorial of John Carpenter is a large relief portrait of this great citizen of London who was Town Clerk of the City in the inspiring days of Henry the Fifth, and a friend of that Sir Richard Whittington who has left behind him a legend as immortal as the imperial city of which both Dick and John were servants. The relief shows a man with a face both dignified and kindly. In his arms he carries a great book suggestive of his scholarship, for John Carpenter was the City's historian as well as its Clerk, and one of his legacies to London led to the foundation of the City's great school.

### Four Poor Men's Children

Boys of the City of London School who pass John Carpenter House and look up at the Editor's window from their classrooms are warmly invited to look into the open doorway and recognise in the memorial the portrait of their pious founder. He died a rich man



The Editor's window

owning large estates in London, and in his will, a copy of which still exists, he gave, in the words of old Stow, "tenements to the city for the finding and bringing up of four poor men's children with meat, drink, and apparel, learning at the schools, in the universities, etc., until they be preferred, and then others in their places for ever." They were the first City scholarships.

They date from the fifteenth century. It is nearly 500 years since John Carpenter died, and in 1633 the rents from the still slowly growing city amounted to no more than £49 13s. 4d. a year, of

## A WONDERFUL CITY

From a Friend at Geneva

The other day (writes a correspondent from Geneva) I was thinking what a wonderful city this is.

I had recently come across Dean Inge sitting thoughtfully on a seat gazing on to the blue lake, no doubt tired after his wonderful sermon on behalf of the League. I had just come from the meeting of the Assembly, and in the gallery I had seen Mr. Bernard Shaw.

What has Geneva done, I was thinking rather jealously, to deserve to be the seat of this marvellous League of Nations that prepares a table at which all nations may meet?

### An Enchanting Invitation

Two posters issued by the city met my eye as I went back to my hotel, and I found that one urgently invited young folk of Geneva to come and be trained, for almost nothing, in the great art of watch and clock-making in which this town excels. It was an enchanting invitation, cleverly worded on just what could happen to a bright girl or boy of fourteen and fifteen who would work a year, two years, three years.

The next poster invited any Genevise who felt inclined to come and learn to play an instrument. He or she should be trained by a skilled professor of the trombone, trumpet, saxophone, horn, all for nothing, and all the instruments lent free of charge! What a chance for the musical, for the needy!

These two posters caused me to change my mind. Geneva is worthy.

Continued from the previous column

which less than half was then being spent on the purposes for which it had been willed.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the annual income had greatly increased, but still only a small proportion was being spent on education till the Charity Commissioners drew attention to the discrepancy. Then the City, moved at last to take action, founded the City of London School in 1837 out of the bequest, and endowed eight John Carpenter scholarships for pupils and scholars at the universities.

Thus John Carpenter builded better than he knew, and brought into existence a school which educated a Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith (who used to walk miles to the school every day to save his bus fare), and in the science laboratories of which were laid fifty years ago the foundations of those British chemical industries now directed by Lord Melchett, of Imperial Chemical Industries.

### The White Book

London owes other things to old John Carpenter besides the famous school. He was a scribe who penned many letters to Henry the Fifth, and a lover of the city of his birth who devoted much leisure and learning to writing an account of its customs and usages. He finished this labour of love in 1419, but it remained in manuscript for more than 400 years, and then Carpenter's White Book, which in the C.N. portrait he carries, was printed in 1859. It is the most authoritative work on the history of London in the 14th and early 15th centuries.

These things are John Carpenter's legacies to our own time; but he left behind him a great and worthy memory besides. He was M.P. for the City, a friend of Dick Whittington, and the executor of his will. It was in Dick Whittington's will that he found an example for himself, for he, too, like Whittington, left a large part of his possessions to charity.

His great book is posterity's property; his library he collected he left to his friends; his school is one of the glories of our land. The Editor, looking down on it from his window, sends his greeting across the street.

## THE LITTLE DONKEY OF CLOVELLY A Kindly Thought for Him

On the North Devon coast the donkeys of Clovelly are famous, but there may be people living far away who do not know why the little creatures are so important.

It is because Clovelly is a village that climbs up a cliff and its one street is almost the narrowest and steepest in the world. Motor-cars and lorries can never shake the old houses of Clovelly, for they could never squeeze into the famously beautiful thoroughfare, and so donkeys with panniers do all the fetching and carrying. Sometimes they carry sight-seers as well as goods.

### Tourists to be Weighed

Now the administrators of the Clovelly Estate have issued new regulations for the donkey owners. No one may hire out donkeys in Clovelly unless he has a licence, which will cost him ten shillings an ass. He must not allow anyone to ride who weighs more than nine stone three pounds, and a scale must be used to make sure of the tourist's weight. While the donkeys are on the stand their girths must be loosened. They must be employed in turn, and they must be given fair periods of rest. Anyone who overworks a donkey will lose his licence.

The little donkeys of Clovelly are thus protected from the thoughtless cruelty of the stout man or woman who thinks it is a joke to ride a child's mount along the sands. They do not mean to be brutal, and we must not be too hard on such holiday-makers, but it is as well to protect the four-legged asses from the two-legged asses. The new notice at Clovelly Harbour is very welcome.

## A CAR UP BEN NEVIS Fate of a Poor Horse

A motor-car has been driven up the bridle path on the western slopes of Ben Nevis.

The ascent began at twenty minutes to eleven in the morning and the top was reached at eight o'clock in the evening. Three thousand feet up one of the axles broke and a spare axle had to be fitted.

There was a pathetic tragedy on the way. A horse carrying refreshment for the guests took fright and slipped over the edge of the path, plunging 400 feet down a ravine.

## HORSE TRAM'S FUNERAL A Solemn March

The march of progress in the little town of Zerst, near Magdeburg, in Germany, has led to the abolition of horse trams, and their passing has been celebrated by a funeral procession.

Three trams were drawn by three pairs of horses. In the first was the town band playing a funeral march, and in the other two were the 28 shareholders of the tram company. Townsfolk followed in serried ranks, keeping step with the music.

### THE PACT

Now that the Peace Pact has been signed it has passed out of the papers and so out of the minds of many people.

But the Rotarians in Lewisham are determined that it shall not be forgotten by their fellow-citizens. Members of the club have undertaken to endow a bed at St. John's Hospital as a thank-offering for the Peace Pact, and every year the Rotary Club will give a prize for the best essay on peace written by a Lewisham child.

This is a sensible way of saying to the politicians that every step they take toward peace will be welcomed as a great victory by men of goodwill all over the world.

## SEEING A PLAY IN ANOTHER ROOM The Most Wonderful Piece of Television Yet

### SIGHT AND SOUND

Television is proceeding apace on both sides of the Atlantic.

The B.B.C. is shortly to broadcast still pictures on a system which is partly the invention of Mr. Fulton and partly of Mr. Thorne Baker, a C.N. scientific contributor; and in New York a play has actually been seen and heard by broadcast.

At this remarkable performance the audience and the players were in separate rooms 100 feet apart, but they might as well have been 1000 miles apart.

The play was a two-character piece by Mr. J. Hartley Manners, and was called *The Queen's Messenger*. It was performed in one of the rooms of the General Electric Company's laboratory at Schenectady. The moving pictures of the actors and the sounds of their voices were sent out from a sound-proof studio to the broadcasting station



This beautiful picture of an Irish colleen has been designed by Sir John Lavery for the new Irish Free State Treasury notes. Sir John's model was his wife

four miles away, and were seen and heard by the audience in another room of the same building, so that the waves actually travelled eight miles.

The pictures were three inches square, and they wavered on the screen as the early films used to do. They were pronounced a great success, however, and all the spectators were enthusiastic about the experiment. The transmission was controlled by Dr. Alexanderson.

## THE FASTEST WAY FROM INDIA

### 5000 Miles in Under Five Days

With a 1400-mile hop from Sofia in Bulgaria to the aerodrome at Croydon Captain C. D. Barnard and Flying-Officer E. H. Alliot brought their plane from India in four and a half days.

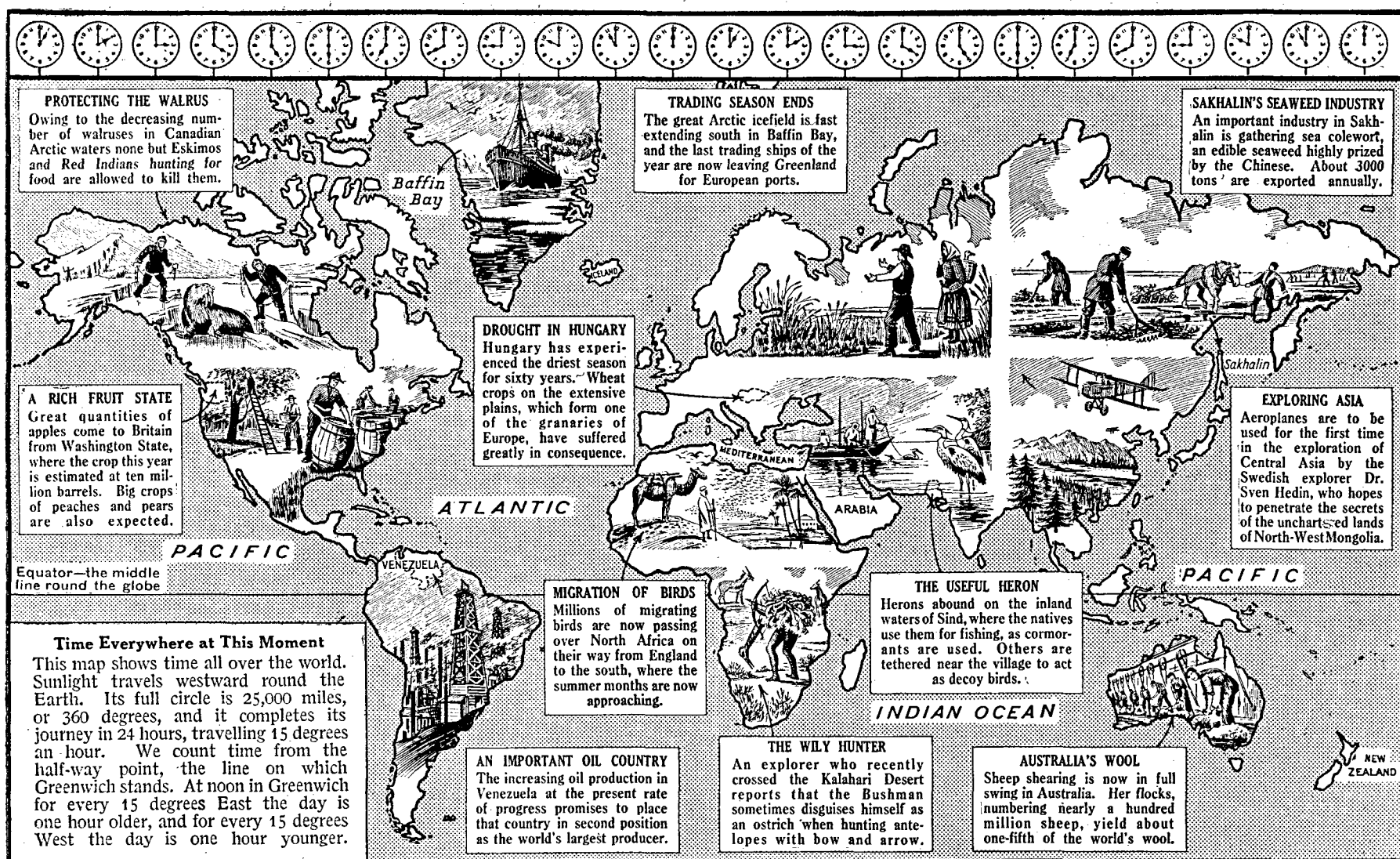
When their splendid flyer the Princess Xenia glided down the light beam into the landing area, with not a screw loose or a bolt gone, a loud cheer greeted the arrival; and no wonder, for she had come 5000 miles, and flown the distance faster than any plane had done before.

The Princess Xenia, Dutch-built and Bristol-engined, set out from Karachi, on India's north-west coast, at dawn on Sunday, and before sunset had got to Bushire on the Persian Gulf. Two days more she fled high above the desert till she came to the gate of Aleppo. Then, leaving Asia, she set her course across Turkey in Europe, reaching Sofia by nightfall on Wednesday.

At dawn the Princess took the air again, and so came to Croydon.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## BEATING SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES What the Government Has Done

Never till today has man made a determined and concerted effort to translate into action the vision of the ancient seer that weapons of war should be beaten into emblems of peace.

So said Lord Cushendun for the British Government to the League of Nations Assembly during the discussion on disarmament.

He said that the Peace Pact began a new era in which people would think of aggressive war, not as a gallant adventure but as a national dishonour. Any armaments beyond those needed for national safety would be recognised as a costly and discreditable survival from evil days.

The number of men in the British Navy, he said, had been reduced by almost a third compared with the months before the war, and the Navy itself was smaller by the best part of a million tons. We had closed two arsenals and scrapped 1538 warships.

He recognised that even these reductions did not go as far as the League Covenant required, but Britain was trying to find a basis of agreement for still further reductions. The supreme need, he said, was confidence between nation and nation. They must not merely feel greater confidence but must display it, and the Pact would help.

## THE GREENWICH CLOCK

Probably the most accurate clocks in the world are two at Greenwich Observatory. Each one is checked every 30 seconds by a pendulum, made of an alloy of steel and nickel called invar, swinging in a vacuum.

A change of temperature of one degree Fahrenheit causes these pendulums to vary, but not more than a three-thousandth of a second in a whole day.

## THE PEEP-SHOW OF SOUTH KENSINGTON Press a Button and See It

The Natural History Museum at South Kensington has a lovely peep-show.

It is an elephant scene designed and built by Captain J. G. Dollman. There is a father elephant with his wife and child about to walk away in the jungle. There are real trees. You can easily think you have been whisked into Africa.

When you have looked at the elephants for a time you spy a black button on the rail in front of the peep-show. You press the button, and the jungle is flooded with glorious noonday light. This is not England at all, you think again; it must be Africa.

The light changes, ever so softly and slowly. The Sun sets and moonlight comes up, fantastic and unreal, on the jungle. Night and day pass before your eyes.

This is indeed a most delightful peep-show. Captain Dollman, who is assistant keeper in the Department of Zoology, hopes soon to have another fascinating show in the Natural History Museum showing gorillas at home in the forest. The Museum is always a lovely place for a Saturday afternoon. Now it is more delightful than ever. We wish it were open at night, so that we had time to go to see it.

## JOHN WESLEY'S ROOMS

John Wesley was a Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, for 25 years before he married, and two years ago English Methodists celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of his admission to his fellowship by placing a bronze bust of him in the quadrangle before his rooms.

Now Methodists of America and Canada have restored the rooms with woodwork of the style of the sixteenth century, when the college was built, and have hung a copy of Romney's portrait of Wesley on the walls.

## CHEAPEST HOLIDAYS The East Ender in the Hopfields

Now that the world has finished its holiday-making people will be comparing notes about the cost of going to Belgium or Switzerland or Cornwall or Rome or Scotland.

There can be no doubt, however, that the prize for economical holiday-making must go to the poor people of East London who go to Kent every year.

"We don't come for the money we make hop-picking," said one man, "for we could make it in other ways, but we come for the sake of giving the children a fortnight in the country."

So every year the same families return to the same little huts and camp out in Kent fields. One woman of 70 was born in a hop-picker's camp, and has revisited it every year since, passing the rest of her life in the London slums.

## THE EVERYDAY HERO A Man Who Remembered

A fine story of an engine-driver's heroism comes from Swasincote, near Burton-on-Trent.

James William Mansfield was driving a shunting engine on the railway when the heater box of the locomotive burst with a steam pressure of 260 pounds. The driver was struck in the face by jets of boiling water, and was hit on the mouth by a piece of metal.

Temporarily blinded, he jumped off the engine, but instantly remembering the danger of the engine crashing through the crossing-gates he leaped back to the footboard, remounted the engine, and put on the brakes, so averting an accident. Then he collapsed.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Aries	A-re-az
Kalahari	Kah-lah-hah-re
Sakhalin	Sah-kahl-yin
Sofia	So-fe-va

## A WONDERFUL OLD LADY A Pioneer Missionary in the Sahara Desert

A wonderful old lady, whom John Ruskin prophesied might have become one of the leading artists of last century, has just passed away at her home outside Algiers. She was Miss I. Lillias Trotter, who, with two women friends, went out from London to North Africa in 1888 to do Christian work among the Moors.

When she was a younger woman her greatest joy was to go for long journeys on camel back and visit the little oases in the Sahara to preach and teach the Moslem communities she found there.

She did not give up her drawing and painting, though she did not make them the chief things of her life, for she wrote in Arabic and English scores of booklets and leaflets which she illustrated with her own hand. The drawings were usually exquisite little African scenes or flowers and trees. This Christian literature spread throughout the Moslem world and has also been translated into the Persian language.

When she was a girl of 16, in Italy with her mother, she met John Ruskin. He greatly admired her drawings, and in a letter to her saying he had kept some of the sketches he signed himself Your affectionate Thief.

Miss Trotter gathered around her in her beautiful 300-years-old Arab house a great band of Christian workers who now call themselves the Algiers Mission Band. They came to help her from Britain, France, and America.

## RICHARD BONINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE

We are glad to see that the District Council of Arnold, the village near Nottingham where Richard Bonington was born, is appealing for £200 to set up a memorial of Bonington, and is also hoping to provide Bonington Scholarships at Nottingham School of Art.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 29 1928

## The King's Highway

WE welcome with joy the many signs that before long an era of peace is likely to succeed the noise-racked age through which all people who live near frequented highways have of late been passing.

So intolerable have the racket and danger and vibration become that the dumb, suffering public has found its voice at last, and has made its grievances known, and with one consent the newspapers have declared that their protests are necessary and just.

When public opinion reaches this stage Governments listen, think, and prepare to act. A Bill for regulating Road Transport was drafted last year, and pigeon-holed, but it is well known to be inadequate for dealing with the evils that have arisen, particularly with unnecessary noises, dangers, and damage.

So reasonable is the demand that these evils shall be grappled with, and so strong is the demand for a right use of the country's roads, that we think we see a new dawn of internal peace about to break. The Home Secretary will be called upon to keep his word and insist on the police carrying out his orders.

Nobody resents motor traffic. But it has come upon the world with such a rush, in so many forms, that the roads are not fit to receive it, and the present laws are not fitted to regulate it for the public good. In fact, the law itself creates some of the evils which it ought to check. It enforces the use of noises that have become hideous and excessive. Its warning noises often increase danger, for callous motorists make the noise and then go screaming on. It is to everybody's advantage, and most of all to the advantage of motorists, that traffic problems should be reviewed by Parliament.

The highroads, used by everyone, are not the right places for the exhibition of senseless speed. They are not the right places for the creation of nerve-wearing noises. They are not the right places for every man, be he a sober citizen or a hooligan, to act according to his wish or whim. They are for the mannerly use of all, with consideration and courtesy from all.

The larger number of motorists understand and practise the etiquette of the road, but there are motorists with neither manners nor sense, selfish people who should be forbidden to use the roads, and law should be ready to intervene where sense and manners fail. The effects would soon be seen in the lowering of the terrible death-rate of the open road, and in the relaxing of much nervous strain that will always exist as long as the road remains what it is.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London,

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## More Missing Letters

It is a few months since we called attention to the missing letters on the old Grammar School of Market Harborough; now a reader sends us a similar case from Bath Abbey.

One of the tombs in this beautiful old church pays tribute to good Bishop Montague, who did much to restore it, and, owing to the stupid practice of reproducing initial letters in inferior paint in order to obtain a decorative effect, this is what we read in the inscription today:

nce caught in a violent storm ir ohn arington invited the ishop to take shelter in the orth isle of the ave which was entirely roofless.

ur hurch is unroofed, said the ishop. he more the pity, replied his shrewd companion, and the more does it call for your ordship's munificence.

The ishop gave him £1000. is brother ir enry ontague embellished the great est oor.

Is it not due to ir enry that he should receive his full title Sir Henry again, and that the story of his munificence should be recorded in less humiliating terms?

## The Post Office and the Speed Limit

It is the Age of Speed, and the other day, being in a hurry, we asked the Post Office to telegraph a few miles for us—from Market Harborough to Long Eaton. The journey from office to office took 78 minutes, and we spent a few more minutes in calculating that the electric waves could have travelled in that time thirty thousand times round the world.

## The Quality of Mercy is Not Dead

THE scene was the sombre interior of a small police court in Monmouthshire. A foolish man had just been sent to prison.

He faced the court with the plea, "Who will look after my cat? There is nobody there, and it will starve."

The magistrate assured him it would be attended to, and immediately called a policeman.

"Tell a milkman," he said, "to call at this man's house with a daily supply of milk for the cat. He can send the bill to me."

Not seldom magistrates are thought of as cold-hearted men grimly using the machinery of the law, but happily many incidents like this occur which reveal their wide and deep humanity, and often they transform a thankless job into a noble field of service.

## The Prayer of Ignatius Loyola

Teach us, Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest; to give and not to count the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not to seek for rest; to labour and not ask for reward, save that of knowing that we do Thy will.

## The Cheapest Thing on Earth

ONE of our big-trumpet papers has blown a little blast. It is grumbling about the cost of the League of Nations.

It does not know that while most of our taxes are to pay for old and new wars the cost of the League is only ten farthings in every £100 of our taxes.

## Tip-Cat

SOME stunt swimmers are said to be merely publicity seekers. Just out to make a splash.

It is reported that in this country there is a decrease in high-class bulls. But they still have a good supply in Ireland.

A FRENCHMAN thinks an over-dose of sport is responsible for many stooping backs in London. The national inclination.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



Where Corporal Punishment wears his stripes

NEWSPAPER heading: Cost of living down. Another case of high life below stairs.

JUSTICE is open to everybody. But you have to pay before they let you come out again.

THE Londoner need not go far to find the great green spaces. If he does he

will probably find that somebody has filled them.

THE band conductor, we are told, has a dozen things to think about. We always understood he had a score.

PETER PUCK has been promised a half-day's holiday. He has chosen two quarter days.

PARTIES of schoolboys on holiday with their teachers are said to be perfectly happy. But are the teachers?

## The Old Folk and the Young Folk

It is love that makes the world go round, said somebody long ago. It is love that has always been making the world worth living in.

Everybody has been delighted with the lovely story of the millionaire shopkeeper's grandson who has fallen in love with one of the girls at the cash-desk, and has married her in the hope of being happy ever after; and it was pleasant to read in the same paper of two old folk of 74, sweet-hearts half a century ago, coming together again and marrying in time to spend the evening of their lives by the same fireside.

One thing young and old have in common, whatever the cynic may say, and it is the thing that matters more than all other things in the world.

It is the love of one for another, and only love like that, that will save the nations.

## Why Not Consult Ourselves?

A LONDON specialist the other day told us that to his consulting-room had come a man sorely troubled with headaches.

He had had a long career in the East, and the headaches had done their best to spoil it in twenty-five years. "I fear there is nothing you can suggest," said the victim patiently, adding that he lived on the simplest food.

But tests on the patient's arm proved that oatmeal was causing his body to be steadily poisoned, and he owned at once that he was fond of porridge. He has now left it off altogether, and the headaches have taken flight once for all.

This sort of thing is being done in London every day. If we could only apply it to our life in general! If there was somebody to say: Edward, so many parties, so much rushing about are poison to your best self; leave them alone. Mrs. Brown, bad tempers don't agree with you, you must at all costs avoid losing your temper. Mr. Pink, spending a little beyond your income is making you just ill-with worry; don't do it. Tom, my boy, putting off that homework night after night caused you to stir uneasily in your sleep and to wake bothered. Get it done earlier.

Would it not be worth while for some of us to consult ourselves and advise ourselves without going to Harley Street?

## 1828: 1928: 2028

THE legal speed limit today is 20 miles an hour, and every motorist breaks it every time he goes out.

It is amusing, therefore, to recall a case tried at Marlborough Street police court in the summer of 1828. A coachman had been summoned and the magistrate asked him at what rate he usually drove.

The man replied "Eight miles an hour."

Then the magistrate poured out this flood of rebuke, which appeared in The Times 100 years ago:

You consider eight miles an hour an easy rate at which to drive a carriage and turn corners through the streets of a crowded metropolis like this? I tell you what, young man, if you go on for any length of time driving through the streets of London at the rate of eight miles an hour, regardless of the safety of the public, and keeping your eye only on your horse's heads, you will probably very soon find your way to the Old Bailey and take your trial there for your life.

Eight miles an hour was too fast in 1828. Twenty miles an hour is too slow in 1928. What will the speed limit be, we wonder, in 2028?

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

FOURTEEN acres of beautiful Surrey, part of Hackhurst Down, have been given to the nation.

CHICHESTER has joined the growing number of cathedrals free to all,



## NOT TOO OLD FOR THE POLE

### CHINOOK AND HIS MASTER

#### A Hundred Huskies on the Great Antarctic Trail ON THE WAY SOUTH

Commander Byrd's expedition to the South Pole is being watched by all the world, but most of all by lovers of dogs. One hundred huskies are going with him.

It is odd to think how the oldest and the newest forms of transport, the aeroplane and the dog team, are joining in this expedition. Commander Byrd is depending on the latest scientific devices for success in his enterprise, as all explorers must, but he knows that when the crucial hour comes it will be for the huskies to turn the threat of disaster into victory.

#### Brain and Sinew

One of the most famous dogs ever known in the history of frozen lands, the veteran Chinook, is leader of the hundred huskies. Chinook has many fine sons and daughters going with him who will be what historians call the brain and sinew of the army, and if the dogs save the expedition, as they very well may, it will be largely because of the Chinook breed.

It is generally said that in the lives of dog and horse lovers there is always one dog and one horse. The owner of Chinook, Arthur Walden, a famous "musher" who has spent the best part of his life in breeding and training sled-dogs in Alaska and New Hampshire, knows that this is the one dog of his life. He has never known the equal of Chinook.

#### The Veteran Leader

Most of the huskies going to the Pole are between two and six. Chinook is now twelve. He is no longer in his prime as swiftness goes, but he has still his marvellous intelligence, keeps his superb and heavy weight, his instinct for leadership and disciplining the younger dogs, and his old drawing power.

Chinook knows what to do without being told when a sled topples on the side of a gully. He can make the team obey him, and he has that devotion to his master which touches the heart as no human devotion can. Walden will not go to the South Pole without him. When Commander Byrd asked Walden if he would take charge of the hundred huskies he said "Yes, if I can take the old man (Chinook) with me."

#### Two Old Friends

Chinook is well known in his own country, and a lot of people wrote to Walden saying that they thought it cruel to take an old dog on such a journey. This is Walden's answer:

"I will say here that Chinook's home is, to use a Northern expression, wherever I drop my hat. He cares nothing for comforts or pleasures so long as he is with me, which is most of the time. If I should leave him at home he would be utterly miserable and would probably turn savage before my return. Even a few days' separation indicates this.

"He has certainly earned a rest, but would he want it or enjoy it without his master? I am sure he would not. Both of us are past our prime as far as years go, but he is as well able to stand the trip to the South Pole as I am. We have been together a good many years, and neither of us has gone back on the other."

There have been many occasions in the life of the gallant Chinook when his devotion to his master was tested. More than once he has saved his life. A few years ago Walden was travelling through a pass in the frozen North with Chinook at the head of the team. A sudden snow-slide struck the

## A KING'S SWAN AT THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL

By the time this little story appears a certain swan is probably back upon the River Avon at Stratford, adding its stately beauty once more to that lovely river, where it has been for years.

It has had an adventure such as falls to the lot of few swans, an adventure which took it far from the Avon into a city hospital, and brought it into the newspapers.

In an unlucky moment this swan, perhaps a little discontented with its normal fare, gobbled up an angler's hook and part of the line. A farmer saw it some time later struggling pathetically in the river in its efforts to get rid of the hook. For several minutes the farmer must have wondered what was wrong, but, finding himself helpless to ease the swan of its pain, he did the next best thing, and communicated with the R.S.P.C.A. at Birmingham.

They were not long in having the swan conveyed to the Queen's Hospital at Birmingham, and there its plight was a puzzle to the staff, for they had nothing

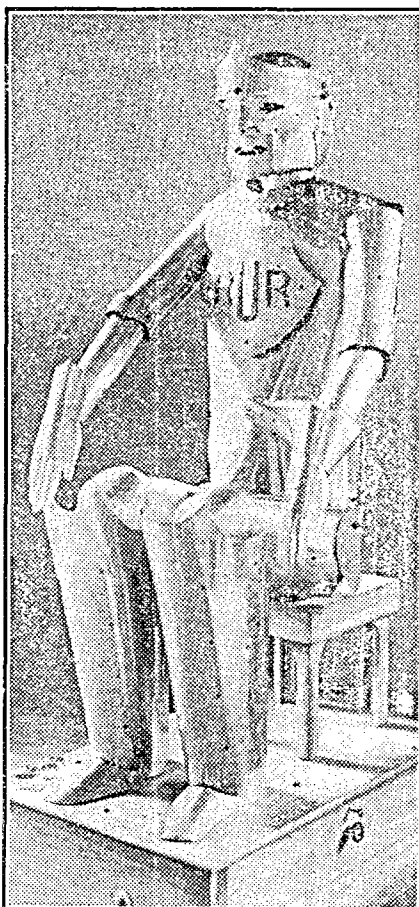
to guide them but a piece of gut hanging from the bird's beak.

It was decided to examine the swan by X-rays. It was wrapped in a sack and taken to the X-ray room, and the photograph showed the hook clearly, deeply embedded in the swan's interior. An operation was decided upon.

The swan was given an anaesthetic, and a hospital surgeon and a veterinary surgeon together removed what they could of the troublesome hook. They did not succeed in getting it all away, but they undid much of the mischief and saved the swan's life. It was soon convalescent in the hospital yard.

The swan was described in some of the newspapers as a King's Swan, and this may have puzzled people. The reason is that the swan is a royal bird (which makes it appropriate that this one should have been taken to the Queen's Hospital), and under an old law all swans on English rivers are the property of the King, unless they bear their owner's mark on their beaks.

## MR. ROBOT MAKES HIS BOW



One of the most successful mechanical men yet made is this robot designed by Captain W. H. Richards. The robot is controlled electrically, and at the opening of the Model Engineering Exhibition in London it rose from its chair, as these pictures show, and the opening speech was made as through its lips.



sleigh. Before Walden knew where he was the sleigh had been twisted out of his hands and he was buried in a gully beneath several feet of snow and gravel that had come with the slide.

With terrific efforts Walden got his head out of the mass of snow. There he was, breathless, unable to move under the weight. He knew he would quickly freeze to death down there.

The team had gone on, Chinook and his dogs having twisted it out of the way of the slide. But presently the "old man" stopped. He missed his master's voice. He turned round and nosed the sleigh to see if his master were under the rugs. Then he lifted up his powerful voice and called.

Walden heard Chinook's bay echoing in the hills. He answered in a faint, spent voice. Chinook did not hear properly, he turned on his tracks and led the team and the sleigh back, baying as he went and standing still, ears cocked, to listen.

At last he heard his master's exhausted voice. He traced the sound to the gully's edge and so worked the sleigh

round that Walden could seize one of the runners. The man clung to it, gave Chinook an order, and the team dragged him to safety.

## SUNSHINE IN THE BLACK COUNTRY

We are told that sunshine let into a schoolroom in the Black Country has increased the attendance of a class by nearly eight per cent.

The discovery is the result of an experiment carried out by Miss Fisher, headmistress of Greets Green Infants School at West Bromwich.

She chose 38 pairs of children. One set were taught for six months in a room glazed with vita-glass to let in the ultra-violet rays; the other was taught behind ordinary glass, which cuts off these rays. Over a period of six months the average attendance of the vita-glass class was 91 per cent, and of the other 83 per cent.

The sunshine class did even better during February.

## SAD FATE OF A PIONEER

### THE BRAVE SPENCERS

#### How They Slipped Down Into the Clouds Long Ago

#### AIR-RIDING BEFORE THE AIRSHIP

The tragically sad death of Captain Harry Spencer while attempting to release his son's balloon from a roof at Rugby makes us feel that flying is at once very old and very young.

His family has "followed the air" as a career for four generations. That seems a long time. But Captain Spencer helped to build the first airship constructed in England, and that was about 26 years ago, which seems quite a little time.

The pioneers were brave people. Consider the risks involved when Stanley Spencer, John Bacon, and his young daughter Gertrude went up in a balloon to observe the meteor shower expected by astronomers in 1899.

#### Throwing Ballast Overboard

It is dangerous to take long balloon flights over our little island, because it is so likely that the balloon will drift over the sea; and when the sky party went up on that windy, rainy night they only meant to remain aloft for two hours. But they came into 1500 feet of cloud, and to climb through it they threw away far more ballast than was safe.

They rose at last into brilliantly starry heavens, with a silver sea of clouds below them and a rainbow halo round the golden Moon above. For a long time they were too happy to think of anything except this celestial beauty.

At length they found themselves again slipping down into the clouds, for the cold, upper air was chilling the gas in the balloon. Mr. Bacon said they must stay aloft, for no astronomer on Earth below could make observations on such a cloudy night, and it was their duty to science to wait for the meteor shower which they alone could see. So more ballast went overboard, and they stayed aloft, 3000 feet above Earth, long after it would have been wise to descend. But the meteors never appeared.

#### Drifting Above the Clouds

All at once the silver cloud floor began to flush with rose and gold—it was sunrise! The gas in the balloon expanded, and she shot up and up. There was no hope of descending till the Sun went West and the air grew cold, hours ahead. And when they went up at Newbury they had only been 60 miles from the sea.

For ten hours they drifted with nothing to see below but cloud. They were cooped in a little basket six feet by three-and-a-half feet.

Mr. Bacon calmly wrote an article for The Times, although he could not hope it would ever reach the paper.

At last, after midday, the air chilled and the balloon fell swiftly. Suddenly Spencer cried "I can see a church!"

Next moment the clouds parted again and they saw a road beneath them. They were saved!

#### A Wonderful Escape

Soon after some Welsh farm hands were helping three bleeding people to scramble out of a wrecked balloon.

"You were going straight for the sea," they were told; "it's only a mile and a half away."

They had escaped by a miracle.

This and other stories told in Gertrude Bacon's *Memories of Land and Sky* teach us to honour the pioneers. Before John Bacon's day people thought of balloonists as entertainers. He did as much as anyone to show that the balloon might become a scientific instrument valuable to geographers, astronomers, and those who studied sound waves.



## THE ALPINE POST THE FRIENDLY SOUND IN THE MOUNTAINS

Traveller's Comfortable Way  
of Seeing the Heights

### CLEVER YOUNG MEN

By a Switzerland Correspondent

All over Switzerland today we hear a familiar, friendly sound.

Three musical notes of a horn ring out on the clear air, and we know that round the next corner will come the long yellow car of the Swiss Postal Service.

The notes are the same wherever we are; they are, in fact, a transposition of the call of the mountain horn. And the cars are always yellow, for they are actually The Post.

On the wall of every post office we find the time-table. We know that the car will start from and put us down at the office; we buy our tickets in the same place as our stamps, and we post our surplus luggage to any place in Switzerland by handing it over the counter and paying some ridiculously small sum. It may be posted to an address where it will be delivered, or to a post office where we may call for it.

### Posting Ourselves

We then post ourselves by taking our seats in the car, and are carried through some of the most beautiful scenery of this most beautiful country. The comfortable car takes us over high mountain passes; it penetrates into unfrequented valleys; it visits remote villages, connecting them up with the nearest town, and it corresponds punctually with railway services.

It really is the post. The drivers are postmen, wearing the uniform of the Swiss post. They call at all the offices en route; they deliver letters and parcels at little, lonely, out-of-the-way houses; they collect the mail-bags on the homeward journey, sounding their familiar horn to give warning of their coming.

It is a delightful way to see Switzerland, not only its magnificent mountain scenery but its little homely places as well; places, for instance, where Girl Guides are camping and may be caught happily washing camp linen at the village fountain, all looking fresh and jolly in their bright blue drill jumpers and short, dark skirts. In many of these places no English is heard or understood.

### Wonderful Drivers

This excellent motor-service, organised by the Swiss Postal Administration, is made possible by the fine drivers. They are as distinguished as our London police as a class by themselves. They speak French, German, and Italian, and sometimes English. They hand out illustrated leaflets of the journey and supply information.

They are all young men, and their skill is of the highest order; and so is their presence of mind. They know to a fraction of an inch where their car will go, and thus inspire complete confidence. Anything less on these amazing Swiss roads would make a torture of what is now a most enjoyable experience.

Picture on page 12

### THE PIG-LENDER

A traveller home from the Pacific has been telling some amusing stories of things that go on in the New Hebrides.

Pigs are not only eaten on a large scale, but they are the standard currency in the islands. There are certain ceremonies at which it is very important to have pigs, and they are frequently borrowed. The men who lend pigs are like moneylenders, demanding interest on their loan, and when the pig is paid back it must be of the size the pig that was loaned would have grown to during the time it was borrowed.

## THE FIRST GRAIN OF AUSTRALIA'S WHEAT Who Sowed It?

Reading in the C.N. some discussion of how much corn land one man can cultivate yearly in Australia, a correspondent raises the question who first sowed grain there?

He answers it by enclosing a quaint epitaph which we understand is to be found in Campbelltown Churchyard, Sydney. We give it mostly in the original spelling.

Erected to the Memory of James Ruse,  
Who Departed this Life Spt 8,  
In the year of our Lord 1837.  
Natef of Cornwall, and Arrived  
In this Colony by the First Fleet,  
Aged 74.

My mother Reread me Tenderly.  
With me she took much Paines,  
And when I arrived in this Colony,  
I sowed the first grain.  
And now with my Heavenly Father  
I hope for ever to Remain.

It may be that James Ruse, the well-brought-up Cornishman, was the first sower of Australian wheat. Dying in 1837, aged 74, he must have been born in 1763. The first ships that went out to New South Wales carried convicts, accompanied by guards, governors, officials, and soldiers. They arrived in January, 1788, when James Ruse would be 25. The first batch of ordinary settlers arrived in 1793, when the Cornishman was 30. But undoubtedly grain was sown by the first arrivals, for they were well provided with all kinds of seeds likely to be needed by a permanent settlement. Perhaps Ruse was helping with the agricultural experiments begun in 1788.

## THE HOME COLOUR KINEMA

### New Chance for the Snapshotter

The little cameras and projectors which are being used today in thousands for taking holiday cinematograph snapshots will be provided, within a month or two, with a special film for giving pictures in natural colours.

For a long time there has been a great deal of talk about colour photography, but a number of methods for giving photographs in wonderfully natural colours have been perfected during the present year, and colour photography may really be said to have arrived.

The new process for home kinematographs is based on a special celluloid film stamped with millions of tiny prisms, and exposed through a screen in front of the lens, which splits up the subject into the three primary colours.

The film records every detail of the picture in microscopic triple images. When the film is projected by a lantern fitted with a similar screen the image is seen in its natural colours.

It is a process which has been worked out in Paris, and has taken the inventor many long years to perfect; but it has given to the amateur photographer what he has so long sought in vain—a simple means of showing moving snapshots in really natural colours.

## PICTURES OF THE BRAIN

A poet not long ago sent X-ray photographs of his brain to unkind people who were rude about his poetry.

The new method of photographing the brain, which is proving of wonderful value to doctors, has been perfected by a Swiss, Dr. Max Ludin, of Basle. He pumps air into the cavities of the brain, where it shows in the pictures as white patches, against which the form and shape of the brain are clearly depicted.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



France has changed the name of its War Office to Army Office.

For the first time a woman has acted as foreman of an Old Bailey jury.

Ancoats Hospital at Manchester has treated a million patients in a hundred years.

The National Children's Home has now sent out more than 3000 boys to Canada.

The amount of dirt in the air is said to be greater in Burnley than in any other town in England.

An Egyptian corn bin said to be over 12,000 years old was shown at an exhibition at the Mansion House.

Houses built for £1000 nine years ago are now let for seven shillings a week at Bulkington, in Warwickshire.

### A Barley Field Wonder

Six ears of barley on one straw have been grown on a farm at Ely.

### The Tables of Stone

The Ten Commandments have been carved on the rocky crest of Buckland Beacon on Dartmoor.

### Every Little Helps

The British Poster Advertising Association offers to all advertisers the use of its standard hoarding designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield.

### Offered to English Clergymen

A gold and silver smith who recently died left a will arranging for all his stock-in-trade to be offered to the clergy of England at cost price.

### Another Record Voyage

The Mauretania has made a new record for the voyage from New York to Plymouth, having done it in just six minutes over five days.

## CHILD FRIENDS KEEP TOGETHER

### From Play to Work

Two Bath families named Chesterman and Spear, who worked together and played together as children, are working together today in the Belgian Congo, fighting sleeping sickness and yellow fever.

One after the other they have trained as doctors and emigrated to the same spot, and the father of one family, Alderman Spear, has provided much of the money with which their hospital has been built. The beds in their hospital have grown to 60, and sleeping sickness in their area of 150 miles along the Congo has been reduced to a quarter of one per cent of the population.

Now their leader, Dr. Clement Chesterman, and his wife (who was Miss Spear) have returned from a holiday in England, reinforced by a young American scientist, to concentrate on yellow fever. Dr. Chesterman has sole charge of sanitation in his district.

These childhood friendships have had a noble fruition.

## KINDNESS SPREADING MORE AND MORE

Lovers of animals will be glad to read of an example of excellent work by the Crete Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The society has a membership of more than 200.

It was formed four years ago by the late Mrs. A. S. Millard, wife of the Assistant Director of Health in Cyprus, and a hospital for suffering animals was established in Canea. Last year 783 animals were attended to, and the latest report says that whereas "it was usual to see horses, mules, and donkeys working with large, open sores, this is now exceptional."

The society has received congratulations from the Greek Minister of Agriculture, and the C.N. adds its greetings.

## HAYLING ISLAND'S WAR Conquering the Mosquito DEATH-DEALING RAYS SENT TO ALL PARTS

Hayling Island, which is a ferry's distance from Portsmouth, has turned a curse into a blessing.

The curse was the Hayling Island mosquito, a most ferocious pest capable of driving even a golfer away from the links, and a continual foe to the islanders. So unceasing were its onslaughts, so increasing its numbers, that something had to be done. Scientific men were called in to advise.

The scientific men sprayed the mosquito's breeding-places with petrol; they drained the forsaken creeks where it flourished, and generally they made life so difficult for it that its nightly hum was no longer heard.

### Mosquito Control Institute

That was not the end of it. It was a beginning. On Hayling Island a mosquito control station was set up, with men learned in the ways of mosquitoes in India, the Gold Coast, or at Khartoum, where it is not merely a nuisance but the deadly carrier of the germ of malaria.

To this control station, directed by Mr. J. F. Marshall with a council to advise him, is brought all the available knowledge about the ways of mosquitoes and the best means of controlling them and keeping them under.

The British Mosquito Control Institute, as it has now become, advises all how to deal with the local mosquito. In England it is not a pestilential creature, and after the outbreak of summer in July it was considerably quenched by the rains of August.

### Scientific Visitors

Nevertheless, in the creeks and marshes of the East Coast, on Romney Marsh, and at many other places, it is a most unpleasant and persistent neighbour, and the Mosquito Control Institute, by letter, visit, and advice, tells English local bodies how to deal with it.

More than that, it holds classes and gives courses of instruction to residents and officials abroad whose lives are cast in places where the malarial mosquito abounds. Many scientific men from abroad visit the control station to study its methods and obtain information.

Thus this little island on the Hampshire coast is a centre from which death-dealing rays are being sent out for mosquitoes in all parts of the globe.

## A WORD FOR THE RAILWAYS

### Trying to Help the Public

We have all had our hours of disgust with railways, when they have treated us badly, and we could see no reason why they should, but the worst grumblers will wish them well now that they are trying to improve their trade by serving the public quickly, well, and a little more cheaply.

And they are trying. Here are some of the things they are attempting:

To make engines that will draw bigger loads cheaper.

To attract those who send goods by them, and those who receive the goods.

To make railway travelling comfortable.

To lift goods quickly from rail to road without unpacking.

To send special goods in special vehicles—a truck for each kind.

To have many centres for collecting and for delivering goods, and also for storing them till they are wanted.

To deliver goods, by rail and car, quickly from the sender to the receiver.

In short, the railways are brightening up, and are recovering general goodwill. More power to them.



## BONFIRES OF THE OLD WORLD

### THE TREASURES THEY DESTROYED

#### Precious Things Among the Ruins of the Centuries

##### ELGIN MARBLES

Two new discoveries have been made under Rome. One is the remains of an ancient basilica, a temple dating from the pagan days; the other is a lime-kiln dating back to the Middle Ages.

Of these the unromantic lime-kiln is the more interesting. In and about it are the evidences of its shocking purpose: it was used by the builders of a Christian church to reduce marble statues, columns, and pillars to lime! Who can say what storied beauties of ancient art may have vanished in that furnace?

We may wonder how Christian men could commit so grievous a desecration as to destroy part of the heritage of the human family, but the truth is that ancient art suffered as much from the followers of Christianity as from the followers of Mohammed. The ancients had a god for everything, and each god had its sculptured image. As Mercury was, among other things, the patron of Greek rascals, the Romans rendered homage to the statue of Laverna, the divinity and protectress of thieves.

##### Preserved by Accident

We rejoice to read of our early missionaries breaking the heathen idols of our Saxon forefathers; in other lands those who smashed and burned Greek and Roman statues felt that they were discharging an equally righteous task.

In this way perished marbles, bronzes, and manuscripts of the mighty past which there is no replacing. Practically every great sculpture remaining to us has been preserved by accident, overthrown and buried and lost for centuries; and those saved, with all their scars and wounds upon them, are but a tithe of the whole.

The Turks, coming with blighting footfall into classical scenes already impoverished by war, havoc, and the relentless tooth of Time, hastened destruction and widened its scope. The incomparable sculptures of the Greeks were an offence to Turkish religion, for the Koran permits no figures of living things. So they burned and ground up priceless marbles, hewed them into blocks for buildings, and smoothed them into balls for their great cannon.

##### Sculpture as Targets

When Lord Elgin was in Constantinople as Ambassador he saw the marble treasures of Athens shot to pieces by Turkish marksmen, or carried off to make palaces and pigsties. He engaged a corps of artists to make drawings and models of the sculptures, but the works, having no stouter protector than a ferocious black slave of the Sultan's palace, were disappearing faster than artists could copy them.

So Lord Elgin obtained the Sultan's leave to bring part of them away to England, and that is how we come to possess the Elgin marbles.

The early Christians and the Turks, what hurt they wrought in the world of beauty! Today, under this old Roman church, we see one of the very instruments employed in the destruction of the art of the ancient world.

## THE ENGINE IN THE RICE FIELD

One of the very few instances where the Chinese are at last allowing machinery to be introduced is the use of petrol engines for irrigation.

Quite a number of these little engines are being used in the place of the laborious treadmills which have been employed for so many centuries for pumping water. The engines are mounted on boats, which go from place to place and contract for irrigating the rice fields.

## PAPER MILK

### Is It Coming?

There is still hope for the cow, which the chemists lately threatened to put out of business by making chemical milk straight out of blades of grass. Before that day comes the cow may be able to send its milk by letter-post.

A Danish chemist, entering the field while the cow is still the chief milk producer, has made a machine from which the milk oozes in solid sheets like thick notepaper? It will last for years, we are told.

A little warm water added to it at any time will turn it back again into milk nearly fresh from the cow. The milkman will vanish. Perhaps our grandchildren will like it. But we are convinced that there will always be fretful calves who will cry for milk as Mother made it.

## BACK TO THE HORSE

### A Taxi-Man's Fate

It seems a strange turn of events when the growing popularity of the small, cheap motor-car sends a man back to the horse for a living.

We were talking to a taxi-driver who once drove a four-in-hand. He thought he had finished with horses years ago, but so numerous have small motor-cars become that few people seem to want his big taxi now, and he finds it difficult to make ends meet.

"I shall go back to coaching next summer," he said; "I know where I can get a job, driving a four-in-hand."

## FROM A WIRELESS CABIN

A very welcome letter in our postbag the other day was from a wireless cabin at sea, with a pleasant testimony to the interest felt in the C.N. by those who go down to the sea in ships.

I would like to say how much I enjoy the C.N. (wrote our wireless friend). It is always sent to me, and I read it from stem to stern. But I have to hide it at nights or it would be a long time before I should see it again, and then it would be thumbled by so many hands as to be hardly recognisable as a paper.

I learn something to my advantage in every copy. The first thing I usually turn to is the world map; but generally it is the most instructive of all the papers. As many grown-ups must read it as children, judging by what I see.

I was reading it once when a senior officer saw it, and this is what he said: "What have you got there? Oh, I see! It is the Children's Newspaper. I've had it now for years, and I always see things in it I haven't seen in any other paper. Let me have it when you have finished with it."

## THREE WISHES

"I shouldn't mind at all," said a cottage woman last week, "if I had a motor and could get round the world. They tell me that the French villagers make a lot of bread soup. Myself, I like pickles better."

"I shouldn't mind," said a practical schoolgirl, "if they taught us some simple things about medicine. I went to a dentist yesterday and had a tooth out, and my mouth bled all night. Now I hear that a little oil of turpentine would have stopped all that."

"I shouldn't mind," said an old professor, "going to Eskimo Land for my holiday. People out there still have the most strange customs. Only the other day some Eskimos tried a European gentleman who was staying among them because they suspected that he had stolen the soul of a native who had died a hundred miles off! The court acquitted the frightened man, and the verdict was announced by song and dance, in which the judge and accused joined."

## THE DULLNESS OF THE NOVELIST

### And the Brightness of Life

What is the matter with some of the new novels? They are terribly clever, but many of them are quite dead, and when we have finished these stories we forget them straight away.

But the other day we came on a really lively guide book about Malta. In it the writer assured the about-to-be lady visitor that she must not expect ever to find an English paper unappropriated at the club, as there is never a chance of getting hold of anything there but the dreary outer pages of the Daily Serious (whatever that might be). This brought the whole aspect of that Southern reading-room, full of English exiles, swiftly before us.

Then, in the notice of a beloved schoolmaster the other day in The Times there was a touch, too, of real life, when an old pupil wrote regretfully of the quaint way "he would throw apples and pears from his garden at us in form," and added a note about his "dapper appearance and his taste for coloured shirts."

There was a touch of life, too, about that sermon we heard last Sunday in which the preacher invited any of his hearers who could make any practical offer as to getting certain pale-faced slum-children away for a week's sea air to meet him in the porch after service.

He woke us up and something happened. The porch was not empty.

## SHOPPING FROM THE CAR

### How Kentucky is Doing It

There is a shop, called an auto-market, in a great city in America, through which motorists may ride in their cars, helping themselves to what they require from the shelves as they pass!

It is a startling plan, but Americans say it has become a necessity, and is, therefore, bound to spread. As the cities grow and spread outward and skyward the traffic becomes so dense that people cannot be allowed to stop where they like, and parking places are becoming increasingly difficult to find.

Caterers and grocers are being driven more and more to arrange for their customers to take what they want for themselves and pay at the desk for what they have taken. We have places in England, called cafeterias, where people lunch in this way. The new motorist's shop at Louisville in Kentucky is a development of this idea.

The alley-way for the motor-car has grooves which guide the wheels, so that the hands of the driver may be free to lift his purchases from the shelves as he passes. All he has to do is to regulate his pace, and, of course, to come to a stop at the cashier's desk.

## A PLACE TO SAVE

### The Pride of Dovedale

The news that a movement is on foot for bringing Dovedale under the National Trust, for its preservation as a national park, will be welcomed by every lover of Nature who has seen that lovely dale.

Dovedale is unique. Woodland, rock, and water make of it a combination that has no rival. But, besides an exquisite beauty, the dale and its neighbourhood have literary associations of much interest.

Izaak Walton and his poet friend Cotton, the chief of literary fishermen, frequented the Dove above, below, and in the dale. Near its southern approach from Ashbourne, which has memories of Johnson and Boswell, lived Tom Moore when he was writing Lalla Rookh; and near by, at Wootton, David Hume tried in vain to settle Rousseau in England.

The choicest natural beauty unites with haunting memories to make Dovedale a place of national pride that must be preserved.

## WORLDS OF THE AUTUMN SKY

### JUPITER AND MARS

#### When the Year Began in the Middle of March

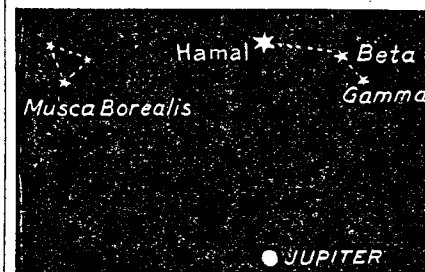
### FIRST CONSTELLATION OF THE ZODIAC

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Jupiter, now such a splendid object in the south-east sky, will be just above the Moon on Monday, October 1, being but little more than the Moon's diameter away soon after rising. Later on in the evening our satellite will have moved to the left.

Late on Thursday the Moon will be about twelve times her own width to the west, or right, of Mars, and by the following evening at about the same time, say 11 o'clock, she will be about the same distance to the left of Mars and low in the eastern sky.

Jupiter is now in the constellation of Aries the Ram, whose three most noteworthy stars may be seen directly above the planet. Our star map shows them



The present position of Jupiter

in relation to the present position of Jupiter, which is now travelling retrograde toward the right.

Aries is the first constellation of the Zodiac, that is, the first of the twelve constellations which the Sun passes through in a year (excluding, of course, Ophiuchus the non-recognised thirteenth). Aries is of great antiquity, going back, like most of the Zodiac Signs, to Chaldean times; a fact which accounts for there being originally twelve.

Moreover in ancient times the Sun used to enter the constellation of Aries in the middle of March when spring (and the year also in those days) began, consequently Aries became the first of the twelve sections of the Ecliptic, or the Sun's apparent path through the heavens in a year.

Now it is not until the middle of April that the Sun enters Aries. The Sun is, therefore, always in the constellation of the Zodiac which rises before the one he is supposed to be in. In other words, the Sun is in Pisces when he is stated to be in the Sign of Aries, and in Aries when in the Sign of Taurus, and so on; an anomaly that will have to be altered eventually, unless astronomy waits some 22,000 years for the Sun to come back to his proper place in Aries.

### A Giant Sun

Alpha in Aries, more generally known as Hamal from the Arabic word for sheep, is a bright, second-magnitude star about 4,700,000 times as far away as the Sun. It must be at least a hundred times as large as our Sun. Hamal's light takes 74 years to reach us from those remote depths.

Beta in Aries, not quite so bright a star, has been found by spectroscopic evidence to be composed of two suns; these rotate round a central point between them once in 107 days. They are both suns larger than our Sun, and are distant about 3,200,000 times as far, their light taking 50 years to reach us.

Gamma in Aries is also very interesting because composed of two suns which may be seen in even a small telescope.

Some way to the left of Hamal is a triangle of three small stars. These form the tiny constellation of Musca Borealis, the Northern Bee, which is represented as flying over the back of the Ram.

G. F. M.



# HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of  
the Junior Cup

Told by  
Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 1 A Stout Order

MR. FRUTE was leaning over his counter in his shirt sleeves, for although September was half way through the fine weather lingered, and fine weather meant sweltering heat in Mr. Frute's shop, such a stuffy, unaired little place.

Mr. Frute dreamed dreams. In the one he dreamed most he saw himself the pivot of a large establishment, his pallid face firmly set, his meagre form quickened, as he passed with an air from counter to counter, from department to department, or ascended the moving stairway from floor to floor. His establishment. His own. In the West End of London.

He had been dreaming this all his life, or ever since he set himself up in business. Yet here he was still no farther than when he began in his shabby general shop in a back street at Eastborough, with always his work cut out to make both ends meet, and bound to admit that had it not been for the school he might as well very nearly shut up tomorrow. Not that officially he served Eastborough School, or enjoyed the privileges recognised by authority. Not that, worse luck. For how his pride would have glowed if only the school had appointed him some sort of provider! But little fishes are sweet. And many little fishes when they come your way in a steady stream keep the pot boiling, as Mr. Frute himself was wont to express it when reminding his customers from the school that there was nothing large or small which he could not provide at a price a trifle cheaper than anyone else. And as he lived up to his word and gave them good value his popularity was not altogether unearned.

So he was leaning over his counter today in his shirt sleeves, rejoicing that the long summer vacation had gone by, when there entered a boy in the school cap who greeted him with a bright nod.

"Jolly glad to see you again," said the boy.

"And very glad to see you, sir," purred Mr. Frute.

The boy searched his pockets and brought out a sheet of note-paper. "You see," he announced in a pleasant voice, "these things are for Ripshank. He wants them straight away. Have you got them in stock?"

Taking the paper, the little man glanced at the signature. Then he nodded; and then with pursed lips scanned the order again. "There's a tidy lot of goods here," he announced critically.

"Rather! A stout order for you," smiled the visitor, who was glancing round the shop in an interested fashion.

"Is Mr. Ripshank moving into a study, then?"

"Yes. He's just been made a prefect and gone into a new study. And you understand he's buzzed all the old furniture out—"

"And wants me to fit it up again?" beamed Mr. Frute.

"It's the best study in the house. The one over the cloisters. In the School House, you know."

"Yes, I know Mr. Ripshank's in the School House."

"Very well. It's a topping study, and you've got to do it justice. Ripshank says you'd better take care not to swindle him, Frute."

The little man nodded eagerly. "Trust me!" he answered.

"And he wants you to send the things up tomorrow afternoon."

"About what time?"

"About three o'clock will be best. But if by any chance the study door's locked you can leave the things outside in the corridor, but be sure to label them all with his name."

The little man noted this and then uttered shyly, "About the account? Shall I keep it for Mr. Ripshank?"

"Have it ready by Saturday. He'll come down then."

"And pay me then?"

"Yes; he'll pay you straight off on Saturday."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the little man heartily. "Mr. Ripshank always was as good as his word. I'll have all up tomorrow at three o'clock to the tick." With which he turned down his cuffs and cocked his head with a gesture toward the interior of his domain.

"Is it stone ginger beer?" he invited. "Or a lemon squash?"

A light smile played across his visitor's lips. "Now you mention it," he answered, "I really don't mind. It is hot work tramping down here, and I reckon I've earned it." But this he added after finishing two ginger beers and as he was taking his leave of their amiable dispenser.

Frute, rejoicing in such a good start to a new school-year's business, proceeded to shed his collar as well as his waistcoat, the better to muster from his higgledy-piggledy stock the goods which this splendid order, this windfall, required. He purred and chirruped happily during the process. He felt complimented, he felt tremendously flattered, that their selection had been left entirely to himself. As tit for tat for such a prodigious compliment he would give Mr. Ripshank the very best value he could.

So the little man set to and worked with a will, and grew hotter and hotter, and happier, pulling his wares about.

Now, the scene on the playing-fields of Eastborough School was a lively one at three o'clock next afternoon. Young as the term was, every footer ground pulsed with its players, with the honest thud of the ball, with the pounding of feet, from Big Side, where the captain had picked two fifteens, to that modest and distant corner where the Odds and Ends, being the smallest and rawest of youngsters, were puffing diligently up and down, learning to pack in the scrum and to go for their man by his hips instead of the neck.

Lively as this scene on the playing-fields appeared, another quite as lively on its own scale was presenting itself at that identical moment outside the Tradesmen's Entrance of the School House, where Mr. Frute had arrived with a youth and a handcart which, cheerfully and without loss of time, he unloaded. And assisted now by the youth, who wore a buff apron, to transfer the contents of the cart to his shoulders, the little man staggered off, perspiring profusely, followed by his lad in the rôle of gleaner, or picker-up of such things as fell by the way. Two trips did the business, but when all was upstairs the door of Number Seven study was found locked. So Mr. Frute, as instructed, dumped the goods down and, while he wiped his forehead, surveyed them proudly.

Each of them was the very choice of his stock; each the apple, so to speak, of his eye. There stood two basket chairs of the Oxford variety, very brightly upholstered, springy, and soft. Here was a table, polished until it shone, and a tablecloth to accompany it matching the chairs. Here, too, was a small bookcase, and here cups and saucers which Ripshank's friends when they came to tea might well envy. And half a dozen white-handled knives and a cake dish, and two prints to adorn the walls, and a mirror as well.

Nor was the hearthrug forgotten; nor glistening fire-irons, nor a wastepaper basket that folded flat, nor a coal scuttle. Indeed,

there would be no study so spick and span in the School House as Ripshank's when he had moved his new furniture in.

Mr. Frute rubbed his hands. "That's the lot, then?" he chirruped. And his buff-aproned assistant echoed gladly, "That's all, sir." "Then we'll leave them," said Mr. Frute, "if you're sure they're all labelled." He tried the door again. "Aye, it's locked," he confirmed. And his myrmidon, after nosing among the piled treasures, reported, "Aye, every one's labelled for Mr. Ripshank."

"Then come along," said Mr. Frute. And they went. How lightly the emptied handcart wheeled down the hill!

## CHAPTER 2 Who's Joke?

A busy picture this, from three to three-forty—the eager, perspiring Frute bent double with furniture; the trips to and fro; the dump in the corridor; the retreat. And a busy picture that which was seen in the playing-fields. But the busiest, or at any rate the

the corridor bulging over the cloisters and looking right across, past the towers of the Old Library, past the Gate House, green still with creeper where the birds nested, to a glimpse of the hill itself as it dips into Eastborough. A great view from this window of Ripshank's new study.

With Winging Ann by his side and St. Pierre at their heels, he turned the corner and gave an amused exclamation at the sight of the pile of things at the end of the corridor.

"Someone fancies he's furnishing!" he remarked; and Winging Ann with a grunt responded, "Let's pinch some!"

Then Ripshank pushed past to his door; turned the knob. It resisted him. "And that's queer!" he uttered. "I left it open all right." "Give it a shake; it's jammed itself," St. Pierre suggested.

So Ripshank shook his door and stubbed with his toe at it, while his companions turned a casual glance on the furniture. Their glances grew intent, then turned to a gaze, and from a gaze to a stare as Anning

Ripshank darted for it, tripping over a basket chair, which he booted yards down the passage by way of acknowledgment. Having given him the key St. Pierre brought back this chair, saying plaintively:

"Old man, easy on with your furniture!"

"It isn't mine," laughed Ripshank, key in the door.

"But it is," gurgled Anning. And extended a coal-scuttle toward him. "It's all yours, old fellow. I guess someone is making you a present."

Ripshank backed from the door and trod in a teapot. St. Pierre besought him earnestly to take care.

When label after label had told its dual story, that the things had come from Frute's and were meant for Ripshank, the recipient was dumbfounded. But not deluded. It was impossible to entertain the delusion that some unknown was making him such a present, and it was certain that had his people provided the furniture they would have sent it direct from some firm in London. No, this was some idiot's idea of a practical joke; and, thus deciding, the victim eyed their saint fixedly.

"It's odd," he said, "isn't it, Saint? that my door was locked."

"Very," returned the saint in impressive accents.

"And odd that you should have a skeleton key, Saint."

"Lots of fellows have skeleton keys," smiled their saint.

"Because," continued Ripshank, "the idea of locking my door was in order to keep the things out in the corridor in the hope that the house would spot them and come up and gloat. Was that the idea, Saint?"

"Well, why ask me?" shrugged the other.

"I thought it queer that you asked yourself up to tea! You generally trail off to tea by yourself after footer."

"Do I?" murmured the impassive accused.

"Well, don't you?" Ripshank demanded, half furious, half laughing.

St. Pierre raised his eyebrows and closely examined the treasures.

"My dear Rip," he drawled pleasantly, "look at these things and then you'll own that you're slandering my taste. I ask you, did you ever see such vile chairs! I mean their gaudy pattern. Look for yourself, Rip!" And thus entreating, he made a face of disgust.

Whereupon annoyance overcame Ripshank. Seizing the polished table by one of its legs, he carried it to the head of the stairs and hurled it down the well to the stone floor below. He sent the bookcase after it, and most of the china, and might have treated everything in the same way if Winging Ann had not begged him to consider the damage.

"The ass who played the joke will pay for that," Ripshank said grimly. But he desisted, and the three of them went down together, recovering the badly-smashed table and bookcase and sweeping up the mess which the china had made.

Then: "What am I going to do with the things?" Ripshank sighed.

"Shove them in your study until tomorrow. Then send them back to Frute. That's easy enough."

"Thanks," groaned Ripshank. "And fill my room up to the ceiling!"

"I'll look after the basket chairs for you," offered St. Pierre.

The victim surveyed him suspiciously. "Although they're so hideous!"

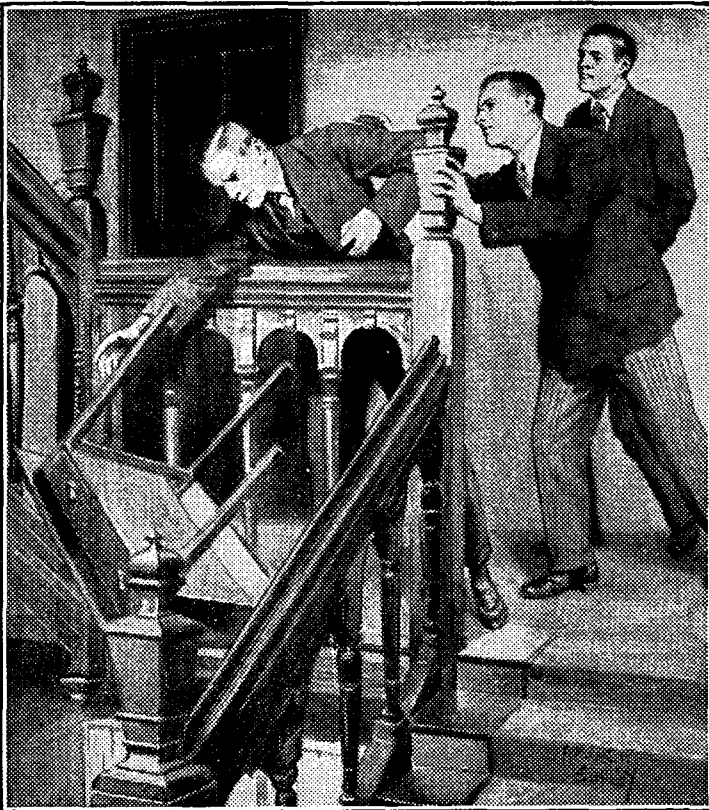
"Oh, well, a fellow can only die once," was the answer. "Rip, if you discover who locked your door—"

"I'll discover the rest. Oh, be sure," growled Ripshank, still watching him.

"I'll take the prints and what's left of the table," grinned Anning.

So between them they disposed of the things for that night, and the next afternoon Ripshank set off hotfoot for Frute.

TO BE CONTINUED



He seized the table and hurled it down the well

most startling, was to follow when footer was over and Ripshank returned.

Ripshank? Lean, long, lazy, with a face that faintly suggested a good-tempered owl's. And lumbering back with Ripshank his friend Winging Ann, than whom no person was ever worse used by his nickname.

For Anning, as slow as a cart-horse, squat-bodied, deep-chested, pushed as hard as any three men in the scrum, whereupon one day they had jocularly accused him of "winging"; and a wag with a sense of inaptness had done the rest.

With Ripshank and Winging Ann came St. Pierre, that enigma, whom everyone more or less liked but nobody knew well, who moved with a gait which was more of a trip than a walk, and sometimes when his face had been perfectly still would begin to smile to himself as at some secret joke. People said, "You never know what P's thinking about." They dropped the Saint and the Pierre as too big a mouthful. "And he's not attending half the time that you talk to him." Which was true enough. For their saint was most absent-minded.

The three had had their tubs and changed, and were in that blissful bodily state induced to perfection by Rugger, a bath, and clean linen. Tea would go down well now, tea would be good, any amount of tea in Ripshank's study at the end of

said placidly, "I say, old boy, you're going a bit of a buster!"

"What do you mean by a buster?" snapped Ripshank, half turning. "I'll jolly well break this door in if it won't open."

"I don't mean that," said Winging Ann in a choked tone.

"Then what do you mean?" muttered Ripshank, hard at his door again.

"I mean this furniture, Rip."

"It isn't mine," Ripshank retorted.

"You're certain?" St. Pierre interposed. "You're sure it's not yours?"

"Positive," said Ripshank over his shoulder.

Winging Ann gaped. "But, Rip, old man," he exclaimed, "aren't you selling off the old stuff and starting afresh?"

"Not I," answered Ripshank, shaking his door till it rattled.

"Then all I can say—"

"Some silly ass," declared Ripshank, cutting him short, "has locked my door to try and be funny. When I catch him—"

He stopped short himself, swinging round and staring in turn at the extraordinary distortions of Anning's red face. "What are you gaping at, you goat?" he demanded. "What's the matter with you?"

His friend gurgled, "Nothing."

"Then perhaps you'll lend me a hand to bash in this door."

"I've a skeleton key, if you like," St. Pierre uttered quietly.





# Let Us Be Merry for the World is Ours



## THE BRAN TUB

### Arithmetical Problem

JACK was saving up threepenny-pieces to buy a loud-speaker. "How many have you?" a friend asked one day.

"Well," replied Jack, "if I had as many more and half as many more and a quarter as many more I should have one less than a hundred."

How many had he? *Answer next week*

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Wattle Crane

This large South African crane is one of the rarest birds in the world. It is tall and stately, with a dark patch on the crown of its head, a white neck, and plumage of silver-grey, slate-colour, and black. It is found in swamps in open country, where it feeds on fishes, frogs, reptiles, and insects. It will also eat grain, and has been accused of damaging crops. Two wattle cranes, the first to reach England, have recently arrived at the London Zoo.

### Is Your Name Coates?

THE commonest of all names for a modest dwelling was cot or cote, which we get in such words as dove-cote, sheepcote, and so on. It is from this word that such surnames as Coates, Cotman, Cotter, and Cottrell are derived, the original idea being that a man was described as Thomas or James of the Cote.

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

My first is in apple but not in pie,  
My second's in laughing but not in cry,  
My third is in bathing but not in dive,  
My fourth is in pulling but not in drive,  
My fifth is in motor but not in car,  
My sixth is in ruin but not in mar,  
My whole may be called a period of time  
Which comes round each year in every clime.

*Answer next week*

### Do You Know?

WHY some houses have a metal eagle on the wall?  
What is the greatest broadcaster?  
What are the most numerous creatures in the world?

What Cecil Rhodes did for Africa?

The answers to these questions will be found in *My Magazine for October*, which is now on sale everywhere.

### Ici On Parle Français



La calandre La pie Le clou

La calandre sert à presser le linge.  
On dit que la pie est une voleuse.  
On enfonce le clou avec un marteau.

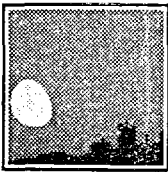
### A Built-up Word

ONCE I bestrode a lazy steed,  
And used the first to mend his speed,  
For a long way I had to go,  
To get some cash a man did owe.  
My second, safe within my coat,  
I had to show, twas all I got;  
When I arrived the man was gone,  
My money also with him flown.  
My third's a letter; bear in mind  
It is the first and last you'll find.  
A term my whole, you sometimes hear,  
Applied to coins, and such-like gear.

*Answer next week*

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Saturn may be seen in the South-West, Venus in the West, Jupiter and Mars in the East, and Neptune in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as seen looking South at 9 p.m. on October 3.



**How the Daniell Battery Got Its Name**  
THE feature of the electric battery invented by John Daniell is that the current is produced by the action of a solution of copper sulphate, or blue-stone, on copper and zinc. John Daniell was born in London in 1790 and died in 1845.

### Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

**Rain-Water Storage.** Many people collect rain-water in tubs, but here is a device which enables it to be drawn off through taps inside the house. In addition to the usual gutter at the edge of the roof there is another higher up, and the water collected in this is led through the roof in a pipe which communicates with a cistern. The water is then fed by gravity to the taps in the house. An overflow pipe is provided which carries superfluous water to the lower gutter.

**An Aid to Swimming.** Here is a novel foot attachment which, it is claimed, gives great help in swimming. Fastened to a wide ankle are two spoon-shaped fins and these are arranged at such an angle that when the foot is kicked back in swimming the fins open and give the swimmer more purchase on the water, thus helping him forward. When the foot is brought forward again the fins close, being helped by means of springs attached as shown.

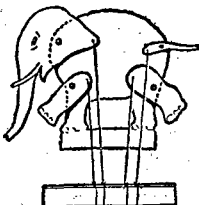


### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE common snipe is seen in considerable numbers. The jack snipe arrives. Linnets collect in flocks. Buntings are also seen in flocks. Walnuts are ripe. The leaves of the maple turn yellow and trees in general assume their autumnal tints. Leaves of the walnut, horse chestnut, and birch begin to fall. Sloes are ripe. The Virginia creeper turns red.

### The Moving Elephant

DRAW the body of an elephant without head or tail, and with only one leg at each end. Then cut out separately a head of the shape shown in the picture, a tail, and two legs. Fasten these all to the body with tiny paper-fasteners in such a way that they will move round easily. Then attach cotton threads



to each and fasten these to a strip of cardboard. By moving the cardboard up and down the head and tail will wag and the legs kick out. It is important to fasten them in exactly the positions shown, so that when the thread pulls them up they will fall back by gravity.

The elephant should now be painted a dark grey, and the eye drawn in.

### A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which written one under the other will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters.

A riband round a hat. A plant. Midday. A slight crevice.

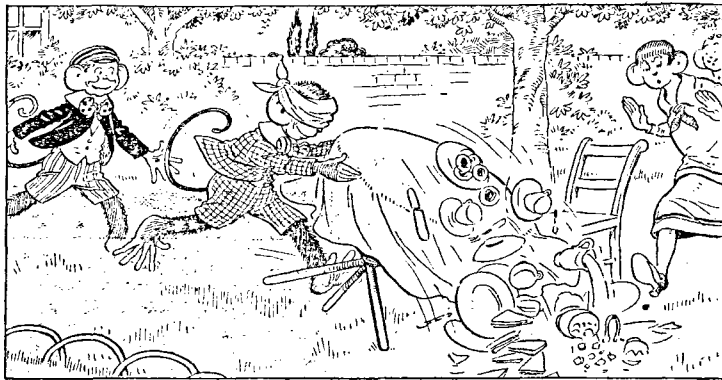
*Answer next week*

## Jacko Looks On

MISS APE was giving her annual Garden Party, and all Monkeyville was in a flutter. Everybody who was anybody at all in Monkeyville was invited, and young and old, fair and ugly, they toiled up the hill on the top of which Miss Ape lived in a big house with a beautiful garden.

It was a lovely day, and Miss Ape's garden was at its best. In between the beds of carefully-planted flowers the lawns were dotted with tables spread with food—tea and ices and cakes of every description.

Mrs. Jacko and Mrs. Chimp were there. Mr. Jacko had no time for "such nonsense," but Adolphus had been unable to resist the attraction of being looked at by so many people at once,



Chimp started to make things move

and so he had dressed himself more elegantly than usual. Jacko and Chimp were there too, though it is true they had not been invited!

But Jacko did not find the party half as merry as he had expected, and before very long he and Chimp were prowling round the garden gloomily, waiting for something exciting to happen.

Adolphus noticed the symptoms and felt uneasy, for he knew that when Jacko wanted something exciting to happen it did. He would have felt uneasy still if he had known that Jacko had chalked on his back "My buttonhole is made of paper."

It was not long before Jacko's idea came.

"Let's play Blind Man's Buff," he said to Chimp; and in a moment he had bound a handkerchief round his friend's eyes. "Now you try to catch me!" he cried, and gave Chimp an encouraging push.

Then the fun began. If the party had been dull up till now Chimp started to make things move. The first thing he made to move was a large flower-pot which he took for Jacko. The next thing was a tea-table—cups and saucers, sandwiches and cakes, all went flying!

But Chimp could not be stopped. He had made up his mind to find Jacko whatever else happened. Jacko, who was watching, grinned wider and wider as Chimp's efforts to find him grew wilder and wilder.

But at last Chimp thought he had found his friend.

"Got you!" he cried triumphantly, and he clasped Miss Ape round her waist.

It was too much for Miss Ape. She had never had a party like this before. She fainted—and collapsed into her favourite bed of begonias.

Even Chimp realised that there was something wrong, and, taking off the handkerchief, he looked round for Jacko, and tried to explain.

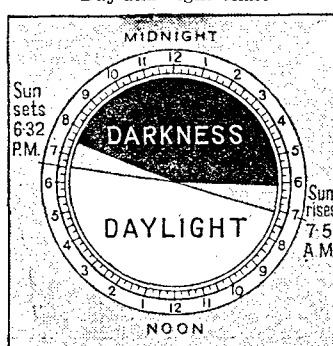
But there was no sign of Jacko: he had disappeared.

### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1928	1927
London	7291	7196
Glasgow	2153	2167
Dublin	1082	1124
Belfast	890	885
Edinburgh	690	699
Portsmouth	474	409
Norwich	208	216
Blackpool	104	96
Darlington	97	109
Bath	94	82
Chester	74	67
Aberdare	62	78

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

## DR. MERRYMAN

### Unnecessary Printing

A FARMER wrote to a big firm and received a typewritten reply. He had never seen typewriting before, so when he answered he began his letter rather indignantly:

"Dear Sirs, You need not print your letters to me—I can read writing."

### Not Completely Forgotten

AN absent-minded man said that his memory was improving because he frequently remembered things that he had forgotten.

### The Remedy

IN Tibet lived a feeble old Yak Who complained of an ache in his back.

"What he needs," said the vet, "If relief he would get, Is more food and a little less pack!"

### Cause to be Thankful

THE diner was becoming impatient. "Waiter!" he exclaimed, "I have been waiting half an hour for a small steak."

"Well, sir," replied the harassed waiter, "just think how long you would have had to wait for a big one!"

### Her Piece

THE Pianist: Well, I have played for your father and mother, and now I think I must do something for you. What piece would you like?

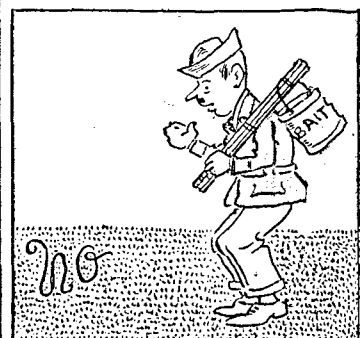
Little Joan: A piece of chocolate, please.

### Difficult to Mislay

TEACHER: Where are the elephants found?

Boy: Please, sir, they are so big that they are not often lost.

### The Worm Turns



"Will you come with me, little worms, A-fishing when I go?" The angler asked. The worms replied By swiftly spelling NO!

### Not Quite Sure

A COUNTRYMAN was sitting on a stile when a motorist stopped and asked him how far it was to a certain town.

"Three miles," was the reply.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes—unless it's been moved lately."

### And So Do We All

"Yes, there is no doubt about it," said Smith, "motoring is a most wonderful thing for keeping a man fit."

"I didn't know you motored," exclaimed Jones.

"Neither do I," replied Smith. "I just dodge."

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Hidden Animals

Goat, hare, seal, sloth, camel, deer.

#### Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:

A	C	E	D	A	R	F	R	E	S	H
A	B	E	A	R	E	R	A	N	E	E
R	O	W	A	W	E	D	E	N		
O	N	S	M	I	T	E	M	R		
L	Y	R	E	S	T	E	A	S		
F	I	S	H	E	R	S				
P	L	A	N	O	I	S	L	E		
L	A	E	D	U	C	E	A	N		
A	P	T	R	T	O	A	D	D		
C	E	A	S	E	S	M	I	L	E	
E	L	B	O	W	T	I	L	E	D	



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

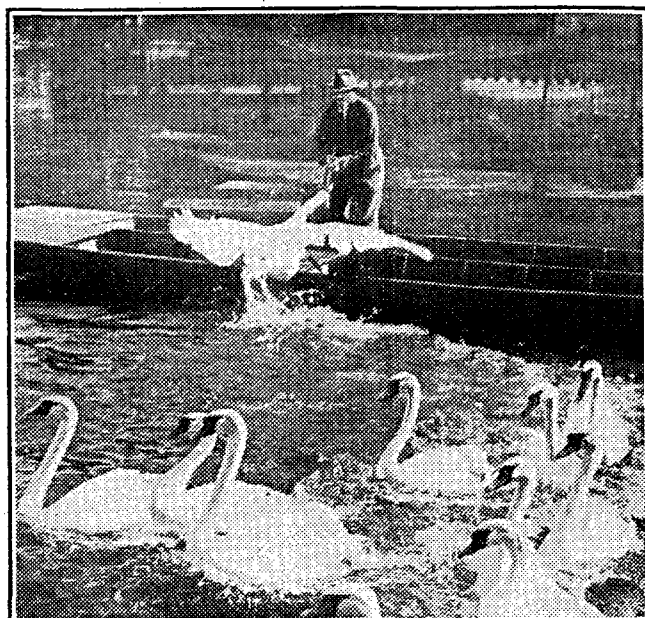
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 29, 1928

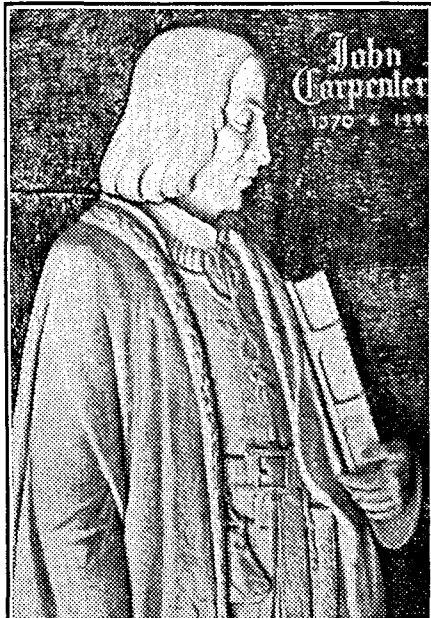
Every Thursday, 2d

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

## THAMES SWANS FOR AFRICA • A SHOP ON WHEELS • THE ALPINE POST



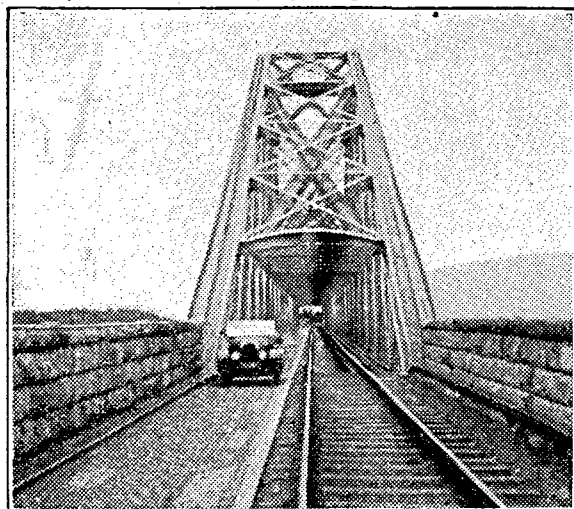
**Thames Swans for Africa**—Four swans from the Thames are being sent to Mombasa, in Kenya. In this picture we see the King's Swanmaster, Mr. Richard Turk, capturing one of the swans at Windsor.



**London's New Memorial**—The new portrait of John Carpenter, friend of Dick Whittington, set up in the C.N. doorway. See page 4.



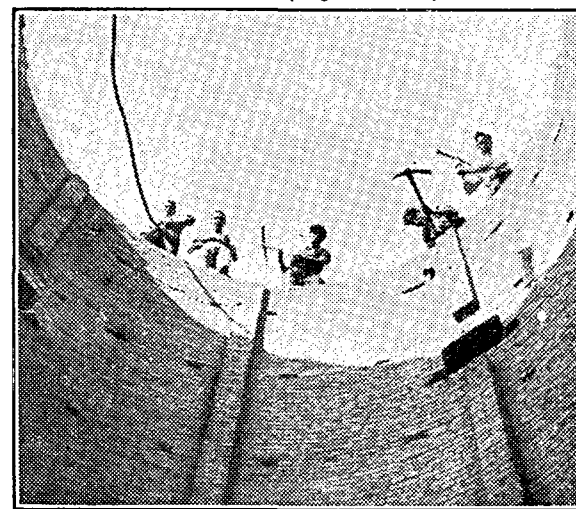
**Coaching Days Again**—A new coach service has made it possible for people to travel between London and Oxford as their grandparents did. Here we see two extra horses helping the team up Dashwood Hill.



**A Useful Bridge**—This bridge over Loch Etive, in Argyllshire, has a roadway as well as a railway track. It saves a detour of over fifty miles through the famous Glencoe Pass.



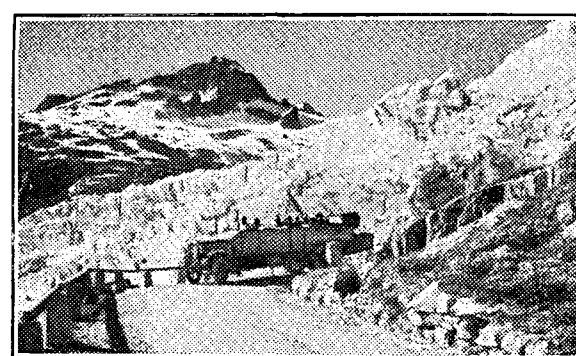
**Three Jolly Sailor Girls**—Sailing a big racing yacht is a most enjoyable holiday pastime. In this picture three girls are climbing the mast of their yacht in the Solent.



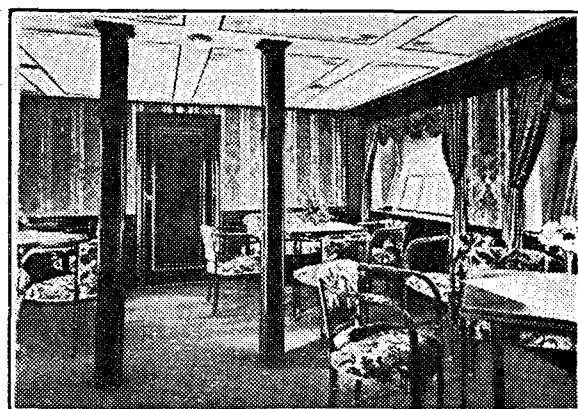
**Pulling Down a Chimney**—This unusual picture was taken inside a chimney which is being demolished in Chelsea. One man is using a mechanical pick to loosen the bricks.



**A Shop on Wheels**—This motor-van, which travels from village to village in Somerset carries a big stock of household goods, ranging from pins to push-carts. Here we see the car in the picturesque old town of Dunster.



**The Alpine Post**—Among the familiar sights of Switzerland are the motor-coaches of the Postal Service which carry passengers and mails over the mountain passes. Here is one of them passing the Rhône Glacier. See page 8.



**Luxury in the Air**—This picture of the lounge of a new Zeppelin emphasises the progress in making air travel comfortable. The airship is intended for an Atlantic service.



**Chuting the Chute**—No happier children could be found anywhere than these little London girls, who are enjoying themselves on a chute at a holiday camp in Kent.

## LOST TREASURES OF ABRAHAM'S TOWN—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

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